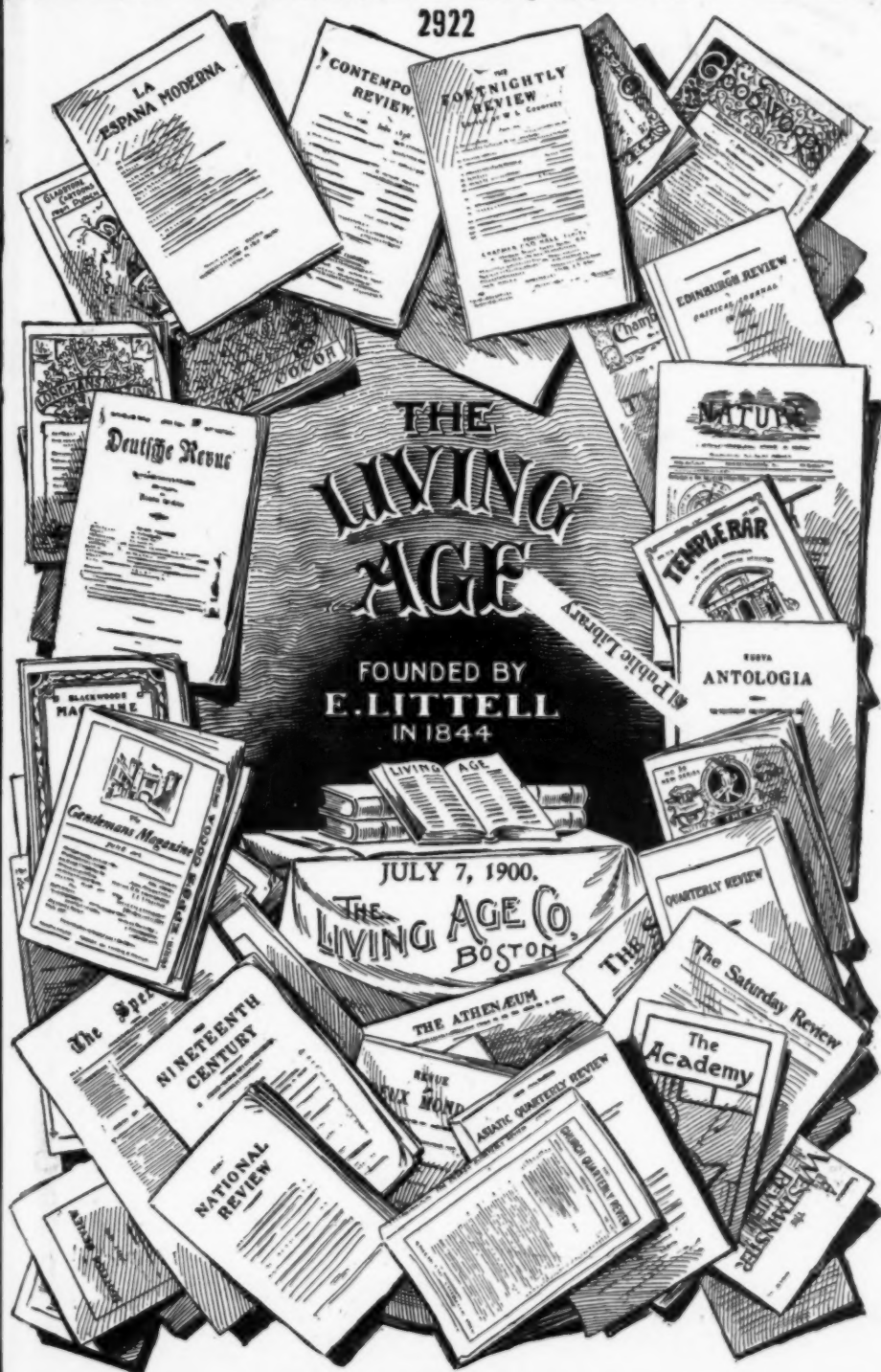


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Seventh Series, }  
Volume VIII. }

No. 2922—July 7, 1900.

{ From Beginning.  
Vol. CCXXVI. }

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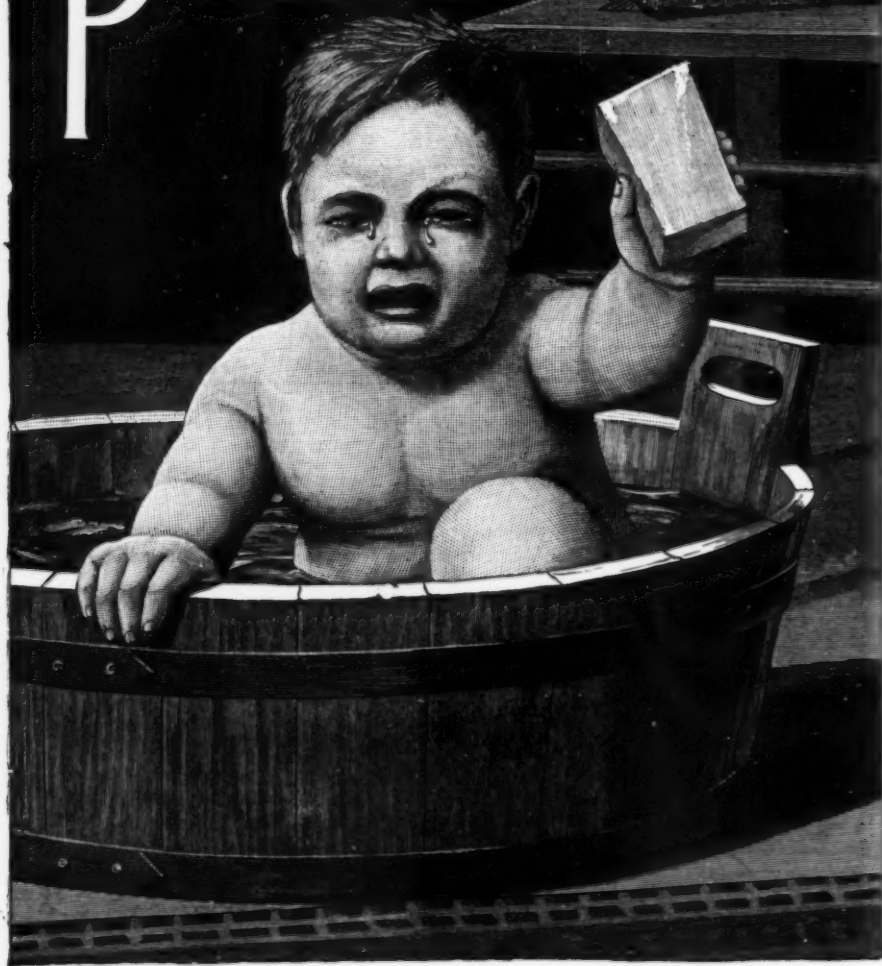
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NO. 2922. JULY 7, 1900.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CXXVI.

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## THE LAST PALACE INTRIGUE AT PEKING.

One of the characters in a play that had some vogue in London a dozen or fifteen years ago declared, nightly, that he was at his 37th conspiracy. The Empress-Dowager Tze-hsi-tuan-yu has not yet rivalled that record, but she is getting on. When persons have attained to the position of Empress, moreover, they no longer conspire; they make *coups d'état*. The Empress Tze-hsi has made several. The first was in 1861, when she combined with Prince Kung and her sister Empress, Tze An, to seize the reins of power after the death of their consort, the Emperor Hien Fung.<sup>1</sup> The next was in 1875. Having grasped the reins in 1861, the two ladies succeeded in holding them and governing, as regents, during the long minority of Hien Fung's son and successor, Tung Che. They had to retire for a while when the latter came of age, in 1873; but his death, two years later, gave them another opportunity which they were prompt to seize. Tung Che died childless, but leaving a widow, Ah-lu-tê, who might hope to give him a posthumous heir. The due procedure, under those circumstances, would have been to await the course of events, and if

these failed to meet the exigencies of Salic Law, to select for posthumous adoption to the deceased Emperor a child during whose minority the widowed Empress Ah-lu-tê would become regent in turn. Such women as Tze-hsi, however—for it is she who has always been credited with the initiative—rise superior to rules. The possibilities connected with the Empress Ah-lu-tê were ignored. The obligation to select as heir a child capable of adoption to Tung Che was ignored; the succession was fixed, on the contrary, upon one who had the inestimable qualification, in the Empress's eyes, of being a minor, but had the disqualification of being of the same generation as his predecessor and incapable, therefore, of performing the ancestral rites. The Empress Ah-lu-tê's claims were ignored, and shortly obliterated by death—declared to be suicidal, but so convenient that it was always spoken of with a shrug.

The selection of an Emperor, under such circumstances, devolves really upon the heads of the Imperial Clan. Tsal Tien, as the present Emperor Kwang Su was originally named, seemed an outside chance. He is a

<sup>1</sup> It may confound to lucidity to explain at the outset that Tze-An was the Empress proper, but was childless. The present "Empress-Dowager"

was not originally an empress at all, but was given that honorary rank as the mother of Hien Fung's only son, Tung Che.

son of Yih Hwan, Prince of Chun, the seventh son of the Emperor Taokwang (who was reigning at the time of the Treaty of Nanking), and brother of Hien Fung (who was reigning at the date of the Treaty of Tientsin). There was nothing in his birth to distinguish him above others; while he labored under a defect which we may estimate by recalling the supreme importance, in Chinese eyes, of the ancestral rites. His mother was a sister of the Empress Tze-hsi, who is his aunt, therefore, by blood as well as by marriage; but considerations other than those of relationship were held to have influenced the choice. It was, at any rate, upon Tsai Tien, who was at that time only three and a half years old, that the choice of the Imperial Clan Court fell. The death of the Emperor Tung Che, the selection of a successor and the appointment of the Dowager-Empresses as regents, are described in a series of edicts possessing curious interest, both on account of the insight they give into the customs of the Court and the quaint eloquence of the language employed. The sequence of thought in Europe is, *le roi est mort: vive le roi*; but the practice, at any rate, in China is diametrically opposite. The first thing is to proclaim a new Emperor; then the latter announces his predecessor's death. Tung Che died on the 12th January, 1875; at least, that was the date officially given; and the Peking Gazette of the 13th contained a series of edicts announcing the fact and the choice of a successor—or rather the succession and the death. In the first, eight of the Imperial Princes and twenty-one Ministers and Magnates of the Court state that they have received the benign mandate of

their Majesties the Empresses Tse An and Tze-hsi, in the following terms:—

Let Tsai Tien, son of Yih Hwan, the Prince of Chun, become adopted as the son of the Emperor Wen Tsung Hien (Hien Fung), and enter upon the inheritance of the great dynastic line as Emperor by succession.

The second edict announces the receipt of another mandate from the Empresses, as follows:—

Whereas His Majesty, the Emperor, has ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high, without offspring born to his inheritance, no course has been open but that of causing Tsai Tien, son of Prince Chun, to become adopted as the son of the Emperor Wen Tsung Hien, and to enter upon the inheritance of the great dynastic line as Emperor by succession. When a Prince shall have been born to the Emperor, he shall be adopted as inheritor of His Majesty now departed.<sup>2</sup>

A third decree appoints certain Magnates to arrange the obsequial rites. A fourth degrades the two Imperial physicians. The fifth purports to be an acknowledgment, by the child Emperor, of the benign mandate of the Empresses "commanding him to enter upon the inheritance of the great succession;" grief, eulogy of the late Emperor's character, and awe at the magnitude of the trust bequeathed are expressed in pathetic language; and the Ministers and servants, high and low, in the ranks of the civil and military administration, are exhorted to "strive in uprightness and loyalty to maintain an ever-improving rule." The sixth purports to be a valedictory edict by the deceased monarch, penned in recognition of the fact that

<sup>2</sup> To perform the ancestral rites one must be a son; but a son must be of a posterior generation. Tsai Tien could, therefore, be introduced into the succession only by adoption to Hien Fung. As

this left Tung Che without an heir, it is promised that Kwang Su's first son shall be adopted to Tung Che.



for some days past his strength had gradually failed, until the hope of recovery had passed away; "mindful of the graver interests of the dynastic line, he feels that it behooves him to transmit his charge to worthy hands," and states that he has received the benign mandate of the Empresses appointing Tsai Tien to succeed him; the latter is exhorted to accept with reverence the trust that is bestowed; to exert himself continually, to choose his servants wisely, and to cherish filial devotion for the Empresses; while the Ministers and officials are to unite in upright and loyal efforts that they may "uphold for him a more and more glorious rule."

On the 15th January the Empresses formally accept the Regency which they had practically assumed. The formality is accomplished through the medium of a memorial from the various magnates of the Court, which the Emperor "reverently presents for the affectionate perusal of their Majesties." The latter reply that it has made them feel with added poignancy the sorrow they are unable to dispel; "the institution of a Regency from behind the curtain is essentially a temporary expedient; in consideration, however, of the fact that His Majesty, who has succeeded to the throne, is at present of a tender age; and moreover that, in times so filled with trouble, the Princes and Ministers cannot be left without a source to look to for authority, we have no choice but to yield consent to their entreaty until His Majesty shall have fulfilled the period of his education." A decree of the 16th announced that the designation "Kwang Su" had been chosen as the style of the new reign. Another, of the 21st, relieved Prince Chun from the embarrassment to which he was subjected as being father to an Emperor, but subject to a son. It is contrary to all Chinese notions of propriety that the father should perform

acts of homage to his own child. Prince Chun was excused, therefore, from taking his place in the ranks of attendance to offer homage on His Majesty's enthronement, but was enjoined still to attend to the ceremonial at the various ancestral temples and the annual sacrifices at the eastern and western mausolea, and was made a Prince of the first order with perpetual hereditary succession.

Waters which had been so violently disturbed were not likely to subside at once. It was felt that the natural course of succession had been diverted, to serve the ambition of the Dowagers; but they were able to make good their position. The death of the young Empress Ah-lu-tê, two months after her husband, cleared the way. A distinguished literate was found with courage to denounce the disturbance of the line of descent which left Tung Che without a son to perform the ancestral rites, and to commit suicide by way of emphasizing and expiating his protest. But all passed without external disturbance; and the august ladies entered upon a second Regency which lasted—in the case of Tze An, till her death in 1881, and in the case of her still surviving colleague, till Kwang Su came of age, in 1889.

Chinese names are a weariness to the European flesh, and the interest of Chinese dynastic episodes to the European reader is in inverse ratio to their importance at Peking. The interests of Great Britain in the Far East are, however, considerable; and it is because these may be considerably affected by ambitions which disregard every canon of Chinese propriety that I have ventured to recall the leading features of a story which finds its sequel in the incidents of the last two months. Some may have been puzzled by the stress laid, in recent telegrams from China, on the adoption of an heir to the throne who is to rank as heir

to Tung Che. Having discovered the key to that riddle, we shall find that we have obtained the key to much else that may have seemed obscure in recent intrigues.

The Empress-Dowager retired, avowedly, from the Regency on Kwang Su's coming of age, in 1880; but her continued influence was repeatedly made manifest in edicts which the Emperor admitted having received her instructions to issue or endorse. Dowager-Empresses are traditionally a Power, in Peking. We find, for instance, the Emperor Tao Kwang, who was by no means a *fainéant*, paying extraordinary respect to the lady who occupied that position in his day; and the tradition of prolonged tutelage would combine with the prestige of position to give exceptional influence to an able, determined and ambitious woman like Tze-hsi. It would be superfluous to recapitulate at length the circumstances of the Emperor's revolt against that influence, and practical supersession, in 1898; nor need we attempt to ascertain the precise measure of his individual capacity and force. What is certain is, that he stood for reform, and that the Empress-Dowager stands for reaction. He had surrounded himself with reforming advisers, and had issued a number of edicts designed to get the State-carriage out of the ancient ruts into which it had sunk. Such attempts have excited antagonism enough, upon occasion, in the comparatively young countries of the West. They excited something akin to horror among moss-grown

scholars, who saw their venerable curriculum in danger of change; among Palace creatures and Placemen, who saw their sinecures in danger; and among the whole host of Permanent Officials, who saw their perquisites and the stereotyped routine of things likely to be thrown into the crucible. The Emperor was backed by thousands of the younger literati, mandarins and merchants in the provinces, and by some of the highest officials in the Empire. But the *coup d'état* was effected in Peking, where the reactionaries practically held the field. All that they wanted was a leader; and ignorance of the forces really at work combined with personal fears and personal ambition to throw the Empress-Dowager into their hands. On the 22nd September she openly seized the reins of power, in pursuance of an edict issued in the Emperor's name, declaring his lack of capacity and begging her to resume the guidance of affairs. Six of the men who had prominently supported him in his schemes of reform were put to death without form of trial. Kang Yu-wel, the most prominent of all, escaped to Hong-Kong, and thence to Japan; leaving behind him, however, an open letter addressed to the Foreign Ministers, in which certain unamiable characteristics that have been ascribed to the Empress are frankly catalogued. She is compared, *more sinced*, to the Empress Wu, who also succeeded in keeping her son in tutelage, and keeping hold of power during a long and licentious life.\* She is charged with

\* The Empress Wu T'ai-tien, who flourished during the greater part of the seventh century, was originally a concubine of the Emperor Tai-tsung (A. D. 627-50), one of the most famous sovereigns in Chinese history. It was during his reign that the Nestorians came to China, and were allowed to set up the famous monument which stands to this day at Singan, the capital of Schense. He was succeeded by a son, Kao-tsung, whose indolence and incapacity were more remarkable by contrast with the vigor of his predecessor, but whose reign derived notoriety from the extra-

ordinary career of Wu T'ai-tien. Wu, who had entered the harem of Tai-tsung at the age of fourteen, is said to have retired to a Buddhist convent at his death; but Kao-tsung, who had seen and been fascinated by her, brought her back to the Palace, where she soon succeeded in gaining absolute control. Aspiring to the position of Empress, she accomplished her purpose by strangling her own child and charging the crime against the actual Empress, who was tried, degraded, imprisoned, and eventually died. Installed in her stead, Wu gradually engrossed the

having tried to corrupt the Emperor, and with having poisoned her former colleague, the Empress-Dowager of Hien Fung, and her daughter-in-law, the Empress-Dowager of Tung Che. She is characterized as an Usurper, having deposed an Emperor who was full of brightness and promise; and is told that she is, after all, but a concubine-relict of Hien Fung, "whom, by her acts, she made die of spleen and indignation." Chang Yin-huan, who had been in England twelve months before as Special Envoy at the Queen's Jubilee, was banished to Turkestan, having been hardly saved from death, it is believed, by the interposition of H.B.M. Minister. High provincial officials, guilty of progressive tendencies, were displaced right and left, and their places filled by Manchus and reactionaries. It was frankly anticipated, at the time, that a drama which opened with such amenities would be consummated by Kwang Su's death; but an explosion of remonstrance from the Provinces combined with representations by H.B.M. Minister of the evil impression that would be produced by such an event to arrest the design. He was allowed to live, under close tutelage and control, and the Empress Tze-hsi has ruled openly in his stead.

Having turned the tables on her adversaries, and recovered the power which those who have once tasted it are reputed to love, the Empress might have been content; though even she might grow weary of combating the hostility to her *régime* which centres round the personality of Kwang Su. But the reactionary clique was not happy. All was safe for the moment; but their mistress is advanced in years,

and what would happen at her death? If the Emperor regained power, there would be a fresh era of reform; and not of reform only, but of revenge, perhaps, for wrongs suffered and indignities imposed. So a fresh combination was devised. The promise of adopting a posthumous son to Tung Che had never been fulfilled, as Kwang Su has not fulfilled his share by providing the child. It was consistent, under these circumstances, to propose that one should be selected from among the younger members of the Imperial Clan. A son (adopted or otherwise) of Tung Che would stand out as heir to the Throne, and a whole vista of possibilities was opened up! On the 23rd January, 1900, accordingly, the Peking Gazette contained the following decree:—

The Grand Secretariat is hereby commanded to transmit our instructions to the following persons:—Pu Wei, Prince of Kung, 1st Order; Princes Tsai Lien and Tsai Ying, 3rd Order; and Duke Tsai Lan; also the members of the Grand Secretariat, Lord Chamberlain, Ministers of the Presence, Grand Council, Board of Comptrollers-General of the Imperial Household Department, the Manchu and Chinese Presidents of the Six Boards and Nine Ministries, and the Heads of the Imperial Academy and Library. The above-named are hereby commanded to assemble in the Palace to-morrow morning, and await further instructions.

The object was to choose—or sanction the predetermined choice of—a child, who should be given as heir to Tung Che; and it is part of the irony of things that the result was announced

management of affairs, which she succeeded in retaining after her husband's death. Kiao-tsung left the throne to his son, Chung-tsung; but Wu displaced him in favour of his brother; herself retaining the reins of power till she was displaced in her old age by a Palace conspiracy, dying at last at eighty-one. A bigoted Buddhist,

she allowed Christianity, which Tai-tsung had tolerated, to be slandered and persecuted. Accused of murdering all who opposed her will, and of gratifying her pride by assuming semi-divine titles, the example of her reign has been held up as striking evidence of the evil of allowing women to meddle in politics.

(as follows) in the Emperor's own name—

While yet in our infancy we were by grace of the Emperor Tung Che chosen to succeed him in the heavy responsibilities of Head of the whole Empire, and when His Majesty died we sought day and night to be deserving of such kindness by energy and faithfulness in our duties. We were also indebted to the Empress-Dowager, who taught and cherished us assiduously, and to her we owe our safety to the present day. Now, be it also known, that when we were selected to the Throne it was then agreed that if ever we should have a son that son should be proclaimed heir to the Throne. But ever since last year (1898) we have been constantly ill, and it was for this reason that, in the 8th month of that year (the date of the *coup d'état*), the Empress-Dowager graciously acceded to our urgent prayers, and took over the reins of government in order to instruct us in our duties. A year has now passed, and still we find ourselves an invalid; but ever keeping in our mind that we do not belong to the direct line of succession, and that, for the sake of the safety of the Empire of our ancestors, a legal heir should be selected to the Throne, we again prayed the Empress-Dowager to carefully choose from amongst the members of the Imperial Clan such an one; and this she has done in the person of Pu Chun, son of Tsai Yi, Prince Tuan.

We hereby command accordingly (he continues) that Pu Chun,<sup>4</sup> the son of Tsai Yi, Prince Tuan, be made heir to the late Emperor Tung Che.

Now the bearing of these utterances depends, like those of Captain Bunsby, on the application of them. The meaning read into them by all China seems

to have been that the Empress intended to depose Kwang Su, make Pu Chun Emperor, and constitute herself Regent during the new minority. The anticipation evoked an outburst of loyalty to Kwang Su which surprised those who had doubted the existence of any public opinion among the Chinese. Kin Lienshan, district manager of the Imperial Telegraphs—whose name seems destined to come into notoriety along with that of Kang Yu-wei—promptly despatched, on behalf of 1,231 literati and gentry of Shanghai and the neighborhood, a telegram to the Princes and Ministers of the Tsungli-Yamen, in the following terms:—

When we received the edict of the 24th inst., in which the Emperor proposed to abdicate on account of illness, we were amazed; and the mandarins, gentry and merchants from all the provinces residing in Shanghai became full of anxiety, and discussed the matter everywhere in the streets. We, therefore, wire to you to beg of you to be loyal and faithful, and, on behalf of the nation, to implore the Emperor not to think of abdicating, even though he should be unwell; so that the Empress-Dowager, at her advanced age, may not have the extra burden of ruling a distracted Empire, and so that the spirits of our ancestors may be at rest, and the people live in peace.

It was said that a number of the officials and gentry of Hupeh had taken similar action; and that the chief military officials at Nanking had protested to the Viceroy that they acknowledged only Kwang Su, and offered to take active measures on his behalf. It is significant, at any rate, "that a procla-

<sup>4</sup> There may be a certain academic interest in noting that the new heir is a great-grandson of the Emperor Tao Kwang. Prince Tuan is a son of Prince Tun, who was a brother of the Emperor Hien Fung and of Prince Chun (the father of Kwang Su); he is of the same generation, therefore, as Tung Che and Kwang Su, and any son of his would be eligible for adoption to either of the two. The reigning family have,

however, a still clearer method of exhibiting the genealogical sequence. The children of a given generation have all the same appellative. The sons of Kiaking, for instance, were all Mien; the sons of Tao Kwang are all Yih; the sons of these Yih are all Tsai, and the sons of the Tsai are all Pu. Tung Che and Kwang Su were both Tsai. Any Pu is, therefore, eligible for adoption by either as son.

mation purporting to emanate from one Hsu, who declares himself to be secretly ordered by the Emperor Kwang Su to "call on patriotic men to exterminate evil people," was widely distributed in Hankow. "The Emperor had (it is declared), ever since he held the reins of government, done his utmost to perform his duty, and the people are satisfied. . . . Recently he was forced to abdicate the throne by a number of treasonable men, who fascinated the Empress-Dowager. . . . On seeing that the Empress-Dowager is tyrannizing over the people, and giving away the territory to Russia, (Hsu) wished, long ago, to ask the Emperor's permission to clear off the evil people near him, but hesitated to do so lest the matter should leak out." Now, however, as all know that the Empress really intends to depose him without ground, "it is time to swear that we are not standing under the sun with her and her villains." A committee representing 80,000 Chinese residents in Siam telegraphed from Bangkok:—

We, the loyal subjects of H.I.M. Kuang Hsu in Siam, learn with sorrowful surprise that an attempt is being made by certain traitors at Peking to destroy by poison our beloved Sovereign, and we would hereby warn Your Excellencies [*i.e.*, the Ministers of the Tsung li Yamen], that, should our Emperor be murdered or deposed, an Army of Revenge from Siam alone will immediately return to China for the sole purpose of serving out justice to the two arch traitors, Prince Ching and Kang Yi, whom we deem the chief authors of all the sorrows and troubles of our beloved Emperor. We feel certain that the inhabitants of the length and breadth of the homeland will rejoice to help us in removing these

traitors and their partisans forever from the Government.

It is less surprising, perhaps, that Chinese residing in the Straits Settlements,\* in Australia and in California should have protested with equal emphasis against the deposition of a monarch whose only offence had been the advocacy of reforms which they had learned to appreciate and admire.

Such an explosion of remonstrance seems to have caused astonishment, as well as alarm and anger, at Peking. But the Empress was shrewd enough to perceive reason for pause. Instead of deposing the Emperor, she requested the Board of Ceremonies to decide upon a fitting manner of observing his birthday, and acquiesced in a demand by the Foreign Ministers to be allowed to pay him their compliments on Chinese New Year's Day (Feb. 19). But she turned her rage against the Reform Party, who are held responsible for the opposition. The first victim selected was Kin Lien-shan, whose arrest and execution were ordered—whether for signing, or only for forwarding, the Shanghai message, is not clear. Kin got warning, and fled to Macao. The instructions were passed on, therefore, to Canton; and the Viceroy, Li Hung-chang, lost no time in formulating a request for his extradition on a charge of embezzling Tls. 38,000! The pretext is ingenious, as a political accusation would have been ignored, whereas the Portuguese could not well refuse to detain him pending the offer of evidence on a civil charge. It is by no means unlikely, even, that a man flying suddenly for his life may have left his accounts unsquared. Proof, however, not only of a deficit, but of *animus furandi*, will, doubtless, be required;

\* The Chinese at Singapore telegraphed to the Tsungli-Yamen: "Urge upon the Empress-Dowager the absolute necessity of sparing the Emperor's life, or else the Chinese here will gladly sacrifice their lives"; and to the British,

American, and Japanese Ministers at Peking, individually: "All Chinese communities beg you to use your influence to protect Kwang Su's life." Forty-six protests in all are said to have reached Peking within a few days.



there is a general conviction in China that Kin will receive short shrift if he touches Chinese soil, and the Portuguese will hardly surrender a man to death on a charge which they know to be merely a cloak.

Close upon the denunciation of Kin Lien-shan came a fresh exhortation to the great provincial officers to terminate, no matter how, the career of Kang Yu-wei.

Ever since the heinous crimes against the dynasty committed by Kang Yu-wei and Liang Chi-chao, and their consequent proscription, we have repeatedly commanded the Viceroy and Governors of the maritime provinces to offer rewards for the capture of these two men, and also to buy the services of men to betray them to the authorities; but, so far, it seems, without any success. In the meanwhile these two have been inciting the Chinese of the sea coast and islands against us by their writings, and have even published newspapers to propagate their treason for the success of their nefarious designs. Language is insufficient to express our indignation and anger at the conduct of these men. We, therefore, hereby again command the Viceroy and Governors of all our Provinces to issue proclamations giving out in clear and plain terms that the Imperial Government guarantees a reward of Tls. 100,000 (about £15,000) to anyone, without distinction of class or social standing, who shall be able to hand over to the Authorities the ac-

tual persons of Kang Yu-wei and Liang Chi-chao; or should these men be slain, it will only be necessary to have their bodies identified to receive the same reward now offered. To show the sincerity of the Imperial Government in its offer of reward, let the said amount of Tls. 100,000 be sent to the Shanghai Taotal, who is to hold the money ready for immediate handing over to the successful men as soon as the formality of identification be over, in order that there may be no unnecessary delay in giving the reward. Should official rank be desired in preference to this money, we will give high substantial rank, far above the usual habit of granting such, which will satisfy the desires of the most ambitious. [Even people found reading their writings are to be punished, and the writings themselves are to be burnt], in order to vindicate the dignity of the Imperial dynasty and quiet the hearts of the people.

Having regard to the theory that Chinese civilization came originally from Babylon, we may be pardoned, perhaps, for recalling how Nebuchadnezzar, in his rage and fury, commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego before him because they refused to worship the image which he had set up; but how the punishment designed for them miscarried, and the King fell, soon after, on evil days. The ladies of the Legations who were so impressed, sixteen months ago, by the Empress's affability\* may be surprised by the con-

\* "The ceremony of the 13th instant passed off extremely well. The Empress-Dowager made a most favorable impression by her courtesy and affability. Those who went to the Palace under the idea that they would meet a cold and haughty person of strong, imperious manners, were agreeably surprised to find Her Imperial Majesty a kind and courteous hostess, who displayed both the tact and softness of a womanly disposition. The ladies were at first received in a hall in the gardens of the Palace, where they found the Empress-Dowager and the Emperor seated on a dais. A short speech of congratulation was read by Lady MacDonald as doyenne, and a brief reply made by the Empress-Dowager. The ladies then ascended the dais, and the Empress-Dowager spoke a few words to each in turn, embraced them, and placed a pearl ring on the finger of

each. Her Majesty subsequently sent to each lady handsome presents of silk, a picture painted by herself, &c. The Emperor shook each lady by the hand. The ladies were afterwards entertained at a banquet in another hall by the ladies of the Court. The Empress-Dowager again appeared and drank a loving cup of tea with her guests. A letter of thanks for Her Majesty's gracious reception and presents was afterwards sent by Lady MacDonald to the Empress-Dowager on behalf of the foreign ladies attending the audience. The appreciation of the Empress-Dowager of this step on the part of the ladies was to-day conveyed to each Legation concerned by two of the secretaries of the Tsungli-Yamen, who were charged by Prince Ching to communicate Her Imperial Majesty's pleasure."—(China, No. 1 of 1900, p. 15.)



trast. But if Hell hold no fury like a woman scorned, what may we not expect from one whose position of power and personal liberty have been menaced, as well as her reputation *fétie*?

These major proscriptions were followed by a decree sentencing three distinguished members of the Hanlin College (including one who was chiefly instrumental in negotiating the Peking Syndicate concessions) to imprisonment for life, a fourth to surveillance, and handing over a fifth for penalties to be subsequently determined—avowedly for "arrogant and boastful speech," "treasonable ideas," "extraordinary and crazy charges" against the Empress's chief advisers, etc., but really for progressive tendencies. Fifty more are said to have been since impeached, on a hint from the Empress that she did not believe those five could represent all the iniquity in such a nest. Orders were, it is alleged, received by the local Authorities to arrest certain prominent Reformers who reside in the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai; but the Taotal was more than unwilling to incur the friction which he knew the attempt would entail. They might be seized on chance opportunities, or obtained, perhaps, on trumped-up charges, but the Foreign Municipal Authorities would shield them, certainly, to the utmost of their power; and the Viceroy authorized him, apparently, to stay his hand pending further reference to Peking. Cases might be cited, also, of pressure on the families and kindred of men who are living abroad. There has been a general recrudescence of persecution, in fact, against persons suspected of leanings to reform; and a decree published in the Peking Gazette of the 20th February orders all the Provincial Magistrates throughout the Empire "to carefully nourish the scholars and students within their jurisdictions, to provide

orthodox books and classics for schools and colleges, to promote and recommend to the Throne really deserving scholars, but to summarily suppress all who try to become boasting demagogues after the manner of such men as Kang Yu-wei and Liang Chi-chao."

I was permitted, last year, to depict in these pages the political situation which appeared to me to have been created by the combined effects of the Japanese War, of foreign encroachments and pressure, and of a domestic policy hostile to reform. The only change I would now make in that presentment is to deepen the shadows. The Empress's assurance that she was not antagonistic to reform, but desired to carry it out along lines more consistent with Chinese thought, has been discredited. The Reactionary policy of the clique with which she is identified seems, rather, to have been accentuated, and the spirit of enmity towards all who were associated with the reform movement embittered. An evident consequence has been to widen the rift between the Capital and the Provinces that was caused by the Emperor's supersession. The Empress thinks, evidently, that she can crush opposition; but experience has shown that movements of the kind are like rivers—which may be guided, as Yü is declared, in Chinese legend, to have guided the great rivers of China, by removing obstacles and deepening their channels "till the waters flowed peacefully into the Eastern sea;" but which are apt to burst through injudiciously constructed barriers and overwhelm everything in their course. The pressure to which the Imperial Government had been subjected from without is somewhat relaxed. Having earmarked their respective spheres of interest, and obtained concessions of various privileges, the great European Powers chiefly in-

\* Spheres of Interest and the Open Door. By R. S. Gundry. Fortnightly Review, July,

1896. The Yangtze Region. By R. S. Gundry. September, 1896.

terested have been content to await developments and events. But the autonomy of the eighteen Provinces appears to be in less danger from unprovoked aggression than from the ignorance, corruption and incapacity of the Chinese Government itself. The removal of the Emperor from power, the reversal of his decrees and the envenomed persecution of his advisers have caused widespread dissatisfaction, which is only restrained from dangerous expression by want of cohesion and leadership. There is unrest from Shantung in the north to the great Kwang Viceroyalty in the south. The risk that some new freak of the Reactionaries may consolidate this fluent matter is, at least, not negligible; nor can the risk that certain foreign Powers might be led to step in to maintain order, and gradually, perhaps, to assume administrative responsibility in certain districts, in given contingencies, be ignored.

We have heard, quite recently, for instance, of grave warnings addressed to the Imperial Government regarding the condition of affairs in the North, where an association, calling itself I Ho Chuan (lit. Righteous Harmony Fists), familiarly known as The Boxers, has been distinguishing itself by assaulting, pillaging and generally persecuting Christian converts. I have endeavored, upon former occasions,<sup>8</sup> to explain some of the underlying causes of the perennial antagonism to missionaries, especially Roman missionaries and their converts in China. The remedy may be difficult to find, but it certainly does not lie in persecution; and it has always been believed that the trouble, anxiety and diplomatic embarrassment which riots superinduce must render the higher authorities, at least, unwilling to see them occur. The tacit complicity

of the late Governor of Shantung in the proceedings of The Boxers seems, however, beyond doubt; so much so that when their misdeeds culminated lately in the murder of an English missionary, H.B.M. Minister demanded and obtained his recall. Yet the Empress has bestowed upon him the character *Fu*, signifying happiness—a well-recognized mark of favor, which was recorded in the Court Gazette—and has named him Governor of Shanse, where he will be able to thwart the operations of the Peking Syndicate by various methods, overt and covert, which a Mandarin in high position can always employ. The appointment of the present Governor, Yuan Shikai, was thought to herald better things; for he not only ranks among the Empress's allies, but is credited with having at his disposal the most efficient body of troops in the north. He appears to have done little, however, towards suppressing the movement; and popular report explains his inaction by affirming that the Empress told him he would be held responsible if any disturbance ensued. It is scarcely surprising, under such circumstances, that the tacit sympathy, at least, of the Empress and her allies should be claimed for a Society whose program is avowedly anti-foreign. Placards frankly claiming this sympathy are said, indeed, to have been posted at Peking; and, though placards be ever so fallible, placards claiming to express the sympathies of the Empress are strong evidence, at least, of popular belief; for we may guess from the cases of Kang Yu-wel and Kin Lien-shan what might happen to people who interpreted them awry. Gentlemen who have heard the Chinese Minister descant pleasantly at our great industrial centres, on the enlightened purposes of his government, hardly conceived it possible, no doubt, that it should be so strangely engaged; but it is as well to realize that there are

<sup>8</sup> Chapters X. and XI., *China, Present and Past*. Chapman & Hall, 1895. V. also, *Missionaries in China*, by Alex. Michie: Stanford, 1891.

two sides to the picture. I have laid myself open, I fear, to the charge of quoting somewhat freely from Imperial decrees; but a tone of thought which is altogether peculiar can be best exhibited, at times, in the thinker's words. Remembering how directly the Empress can speak when she wishes, let the reader place himself in the position of a Governor, and try to draw from the following edict a conclusion as to the category in which the Society that is disturbing Shantung should be enrolled.

Recently cases of robbery and violence have been becoming daily more frequent in various provinces, and missionary cases are of frequent occurrence. These are all regarded as the work of seditious societies, and it is demanded that they be severely punished. But there is a distinction in these societies. Those reckless fellows who band together and create riots are without excuse under our law. But if submissive and loyal subjects learn gymnastic drill for the protection of their families, or unite the villages in their districts for mutual protection, their object is merely mutual assistance, and quite right. But the local authorities sometimes make no distinction, and, mistakenly listening to groundless rumors, treat them all as seditious subjects, and recklessly put them to death, so that there is no distinction drawn between the good and the bad, and the people become excited with fear. This is like trying to stop a pot boiling by adding more fuel; or making a pool to drive out fish. It is not that the people are not quiet, but that the officials' action is to blame. The government of Our Dynasty is known to be kind and generous, and has cherished the people more than two hundred years. The food of the people and the ground on which they tread are the gifts of Heaven. How can they be ready to turn rebels and court punishment? It depends entirely on the Viceroy and Governors to engage worthy officials to govern the country rightly, and to secure the people rest.

When they have law cases between the Christians and the people, they should settle them justly and without any partiality. If at ordinary times they have the people's confidence, when unusual circumstances occur they will naturally have the confidence of the public, and turn great matters into small and deeds into no deeds. The strength of the country depends upon this, and the amicable relations of all rest on this. The Viceroy's and Governors' . . . instructions to the local officials should be precise, that in all cases of this kind they should only inquire whether the men are rebels or not, and whether they have created riots or not; and not consider whether they belong to a society or religious sect. The people also ought to have no thought beyond the protection of their villages, and not to commence hostilities and create a disturbance, or be agitated by rumors. They should not presume on their influence to oppress their neighbors. We trust the different districts will become quiet and relieve our anxiety.

A later edict declared, certainly in less ambiguous terms, the illegality of organizations which conduct themselves as The Boxers have done, and authorized the Governors of Shantung and Pechili to "issue a plain proclamation and give clear notice of prohibition," in order that they may "cease their habits and become law-abiding and loyal."

If they persist in their foolish ways without reform they ought to be strictly punished, and no leniency should be shown them. In regard to the divisions between the converts and common people, all are alike Our subjects, and when there are law disputes the local authorities should adjust them carefully, and irrespective of class or religion, seeking only to discover who is really in the wrong, and showing no partiality, in order that the people may realize the fatherly sympathy of the Throne.

But either the words have failed to carry conviction, or the movement has gained too much headway to be easily stopped; for it is spreading, evidently, in Pechili, and we hear of outrage and massacre within fifty miles of Peking.

If the North has its own form of unrest, it is peculiar only in that respect. The Yangtze Valley is seething with discontent, born partly of Imperial exactions and partly of loyalty to Kwang Su and antagonism to the Empress's régime. The Kwang provinces, always turbulent, are a prey to brigandage ashore and piracy afloat. The dangers indicated last year appear to have grown greater, therefore, rather than less. The anti-foreign attitude, which the Empress and her advisers are adopting, may encourage an outbreak of anti-foreign feeling that would occasion intervention; or their domestic policy may excite disaffection leading to insurrection on an extensive scale. The only road of escape from the two-fold danger seems to lie in reverting to a policy of reform; whereas the only thought of the clique which has usurped power, at Peking, seems to be to accumulate soldiers to protect itself against the consequences of the dissatisfaction it inspires. One consideration might induce the Empress to desert the Reactionary cause and throw her influence into the opposite scale. It has been suggested that she is being carried farther than she intended, having had no conception of the forces that are at work. The last thing she desires is to endanger the dynasty. If it could

be brought home to her that the present Reactionary policy constitutes a danger for the dynasty and the Empire, she might be induced, yet, to change her course and support the Emperor in a policy of Reform. Her halt on the threshold of what was intended, clearly, to be a fresh *coup d'état*, two months ago, goes to prove that she is not impervious to manifestations of popular sentiment; but many well qualified to form an opinion are persuaded that she is kept in ignorance of the real import and magnitude of the crisis by which the Empire is assailed. She is impressed, for the moment, by the volume of remonstrance her project has evoked; although she wreaks, woman-like, her spite on those whom she singles out as opposing her will. The present advice of the Emperor's friends at Peking to their partizans in the Provinces is said to be not to press her too hard, but to let her escape, if she will, by the loophole which the protests have left her in laying the blame on her advisers. The primary object is to save Kwang Su. The great fear of the Reform party is that he may be made away with. So long as he is alive they are contending for their rightful sovereign; but his death would undermine that standpoint of objection to the Empress's régime. To oppose her if she were ruling legally as Regent for a new Emperor would be to rebel; and rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft; the Chinese have it in superstitious dread.

R. S. Gundry.

## ON THE MERITS AND DEMERITS OF THRIFT.

There are plentiful maxims in reference to this subject scattered broadcast through the pages of the moralists, and dwelt upon constantly in the greatest book of all. In every form of precept, allegory and illustration we have all learnt, we have all been taught that it is wicked to be rich. I am not quite sure whether we all believe it, judging by the unflinching determination with which the attainment of that supreme wickedness is set before us as a potent factor in choosing a career, a given line of conduct. While with one tongue, so to speak, we tell our youths it is wicked to be rich, with another we dissuade them with all our might from the callings, the marriage, which might prevent them from being so. On one day in the seven we listen to the solemn words which assure us that the wealthy will eventually be visited by so horrible a fate that, if there were any listening who actually and literally believed it, it is inconceivable that they should ever keep a spare sixpence in their pockets again. And yet, miracle of miracles! the very people who, on the first day of the week, appear to acquiesce in the idea that the rich man shall be eternally damned, can forget during the rest of it their conception of what those tremendous words may mean, and go on gaily qualifying themselves during five and a-half sevenths of their lives (I am assuming the Saturday half-holiday) to be forever lost. It is an unnecessary complication of the difficult problems of existence, to have to solve them alternately by two diametrically opposite codes. It is as though on one day in the week we committed to memory tables of arithmetic that inculcated that twice two are three, and three times two are seven; and then, having those

maxims absolutely by rote, we had, when it came to practical working, to admit that twice two come to four and three times two to six, in order to square them with the practical duties of life. Solomon says "A good name is better than riches;" and he almost invariably assumes, influenced, perhaps, by his nationality, that only one of these two alternatives can be adopted. I am no economist; I do not propose to discuss here why it appears to be inevitable that, as society is at present constituted, there should be inequalities in possession, and accumulations in individual hands. Let us simply recognize that such accumulations do take place, and admit that they are not generally, strange though it may seem after recalling the maxims we have been considering, in the hands of the criminal classes. There may be, and no doubt there are, many among the wealthy who use their means in a way unworthy of commendation, but, on the whole, I should imagine that a large proportion of them, whether they have inherited their riches or assembled them themselves, would—in accordance with the aforesaid weekday moralists, that is—not deserve to be lost at all, but quite the contrary.

What, after all, does money mean? merely golden sovereigns? do we, if we have it, sit all the time in our cellar running our skinny hands through the glittering pile? No, that is not what money means. It does not, to be sure, mean, either, the biggest things in life, for only inward grace can give those; but it can supplement the biggest, in that it may give us the means of using them to the best advantage. Money cannot give the gift of making the friends worth having, or of deserving those friends; but it means



greater and more agreeable possibilities of frequenting them. It cannot give the power of understanding books; but to those who can understand, it gives the power of buying books to read, without stint. It cannot give the heaven-sent rapture in pictorial or musical art, but it gives the possibility of enjoying it more often. It cannot give us good and gifted children, but it may help us to train them to advantage. The best is not to be bought with money, but the setting of the best is. For this reason is the possession of it a crucial test, especially when newly acquired; and for those who have no gentle tastes to gratify a dazzling light suddenly shed on their barren existence, revealing with unsparing conspicuousness the vulgar channels in which alone it occurs to them that wealth should run. It is, no doubt, good that wealth should be spent and not hoarded; the purpose of any currency is that it should ultimately be exchanged for something that it will buy. That the something should be worth having is, of course, essential. But what people spend their money on generally does, at the moment, appear to themselves to be worth buying. It is other people who feel it is not. What money brings us should add to the adornment, the beauty, the seemliness of life, whether we buy with it things or ideas. That is the thing to grasp. Let us recognize as sanely and wisely as we can that the defects incidental to the possession of wealth need not be inevitable, if we are on our guard against them. The limitations of taste and character which, as we have already said, wealth so unsparingly gives us an opportunity of displaying, are not caused by it, any more than a limelight shed on to an unprepossessing object creates the ugliness it reveals. Let us not fear to say that in itself it is not wicked to be rich, any more than it is estimable to be poor; but let us

keep unsparingly before our eyes the deterioration of character that may be brought about by either the lack or the excess of means, and be on our watch against it. This is an insidious and a great danger. For there are two qualities which most of us agree are fine and good, and to be desired, that are liable to be modified and distorted by the variations in our means. One is the large-hearted impulse to part with what we have, not for our own good only, but for that of the community or of individuals; the other is the spirit of a sober self-denial opposed to self-indulgence. This, the spirit of temperance; that, the spirit of magnificence. But we cannot, in the perfunctory teaching of morals, which is all we have time for in these days, make it clear to ourselves and to others how important it is that these finer impulses should not be at the mercy of our varying conditions. We are apt, in the hurry of material life, to lose sight of this main point at issue; to confuse enforced, distasteful acts of economy with a noble impulse of sober simplicity; we are misled into attributing the constant and cruel necessity, forced on the great majority of mankind, of spending and of buying less than they would like to spend or to buy, to a fine spirit of self-denial, and we gradually grow into considering the mere act of saving as a virtue in itself. But it is not there that virtue lies.

There are certain qualities necessary to a complicated social organization—Thrift is one of them—which, encouraged at first entirely on grounds of expediency, become through the ages so indispensable to the state of society which calls them forth, that they are erected into virtues necessary to the ideal character, and taught to one generation after another, indelibly impressed on them. And that quite indiscriminately; for we are obliged to embody our teaching of morals in a



series of rough-and-ready uncompromising maxims, that we impart to all alike, whatever the circumstances of the learner. There is no leisure, in the evil days we have fallen upon, to expound with care to reverent disciples how infinitely varying are the canons and obligations of what we may call the lesser virtues—to point out and to distinguish, in a dignified, exhaustive and philosophical fashion. The result is that we attempt to guide the whole of our kind by precepts fitted for one portion of them and absolutely unfitted for another. The terse and pithy maxims in which the experience of generations finds its final form, although they may serve crudely enough as a working basis of conduct, are unavoidably apt to lead us astray by not presenting alternatives. It is obvious that there must be a want of half-tones, so to speak, about such definite utterances; for if a proverb were to attempt to qualify its own authority by pointing out the cases in which it may be modified, it would cease to be so portable a piece of wisdom, and would more resemble a speech or a sermon. We are, therefore, driven into the constant and immense mistake of inflicting the same ordinances on every one alike. And in the particular subject we are discussing, we commit the absurdity of laying down for rich and for poor the same rule; and instead of admitting that there is a certain line of conduct, not wicked, but only highly inexpedient and unadvisable for those who are poor, and entirely allowable in those who are the reverse, we lay down the same precept for all indiscriminately, and call it a virtue. Since, therefore, there are more people, unfortunately, in the world with little money than with much, since there are more who are under the obligation to provide for their necessities only, and not for the superfluities, we must needs—so we are told—adopt the

maxim which should govern the majority; and the minority must hobble through existence cramped by the ordinances made to fit the narrowly circumstanced, until the minds of the easy become inevitably crippled and narrowed, too. "A penny saved is a penny gained"—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves"—"Turn a penny in your pocket before you take it out"—such are some of the stultifying maxims we learn and repeat until, upon my soul, they can never quite be unlearned again. "Penny wise and pound foolish,"—one of the few utterances on the other side of the question—sometimes arises to stagger and confuse us by confronting us with an admonition entirely opposite to those we have the acquired habit of obeying.

I recall a saying I used to hear in my youth—we were expected to allow it reverently to sink into our minds until it became part of our code of morals—"When you are going to buy a thing, think first if you want it, and secondly, if you can do without it." Do without it? Why, all the beautiful and most of the agreeable things of life can be "done without" in the sense that we do not die of renouncing them—we only become stupidly resigned and limited human beings if we carry that principle to its extreme limit and never get anything we can do without. Here, again, we encounter the absurdity of trying to make such a proposition of universal application, with the monstrous result that, framed for those who could only afford to buy the necessities of life, it has been adopted by many others who could have afforded very much more, and who actually think they are being praiseworthy in keeping their lives as barren and unadorned as possible. There are characters with regard to whom such a system as this combines the evil influences of both poverty and riches, and

brings out the finer results of neither. It is impossible to advance through the world in a stately and seemly fashion if you are forever stumbling over little wooden precepts; there cannot be a noble amplitude of moral gesture if every time the hand is extended the action is accompanied by a corresponding impulse to draw it back. The instinctive impulse to save ungracefully, on small occasions, when it is not worth while to make a deliberate effort to overcome it, may exist side by side with an impulse towards equally ungraceful self-indulgence. The latter is not magnificence; the former is not temperance. And the man with many pennies, brought up on the maxims suitable to the man with few, will probably, if he is that way inclined, have the tendency to keep a penny in his pocket when he had better take it out. But let us call things by their proper names. A first-class passenger giving an inadequate tip to a railway porter, or a man in a fur coat refusing a penny to the street loafer who opens the door of his brougham, is not exercising self-denial or practising thrift, he is obeying a sedulously implanted instinct of saving; that is all. Those ugly little economies have no relation to the renunciation—fine, if exercised in the right spirit—of the man who goes on foot because he cannot afford an omnibus, or without his newspaper because his wife and children want the money for their clothes. There is something stern and noble in that form of saving; but there is none when the same action is unnecessary, and is prompted, not by Thrift, but by that half-brother of Thrift whose name is Stinginess.

It may sometimes happen that a man who will spend a thousand pounds on a fine picture—and if he can see with his own eyes that it is a fine picture, and can be uplifted by living in its presence, he is incalculably right so

to spend it—will think twice before he buys an extra copy of the Times to read on his way home, or before he gives a cabman an extra sixpence on a cold day. And yet, if that rich man wasted pennies and overpaid cabmen to the extent of even a shilling a day, which would seem to most millionaires very extravagant, the net result would only amount to 18*l.* 5*s.* in one year, the price of one of his wife's cheaper gowns. But to effect that saving in a lump sum by going without the gown, which would be much better than going without the picture, in order to have a small daily margin, supposing that only one of these alternative courses can be adopted, does not appear often to occur to the minds of the people concerned. Why? Because we had persuaded ourselves that we had better take care of the pence than the pounds. What we buy with the pounds, what we save with the pennies, is not really the picture, is not the satisfaction of obeying an impulse of economy; it is the attitude of mind that we are buying, that we are intensifying, every time we consolidate it in one direction or another. For this is a terrible danger that may await us; that the doors closed by our own action against fine and noble possibilities become more and more inevitably sealed by the action of time, until at last we forget that they ever were open. There are always, unhappily, under all conditions of life, some doors that we close, some possibilities we stifle forever. And it may happen to us as well in poverty as in riches, only the possibilities stifled will be of a different kind. Terrible snares as to the directing of character lie in the way of both. By poverty I do not here mean that absolute poverty of the slums, in which each penny lacked means a corresponding deprivation of actual food and warmth, or shelter; I mean that other poverty, hard also to bear, whose necessities include super-

fruitless which have to be renounced by an endless series of efforts of self-denial.

There should be different names for these two forms of lack of means, or, at any rate, for the different forms of suffering they inflict—which, in the one case, is mainly physical, and the other, mental—for it becomes confusing, blurring, and entirely misleading if we try to compare them on actually the same grounds and using the same words. The deprivations and renunciations which may fall upon us, going up through the different layers of the social order, not infrequently include people of a station and position obliging them to live, in a measure, according to the standards of the wealthy and distinguished. This is the thing that is difficult to bear with simplicity and dignity, and in those who lack those qualities, and who, whatever their social position or their absolute means, conceive they have not enough, it sometimes gives rise to the most curious manifestations. Is not this, by the way, one of the foxes that ought to be kept under one's cloak? Not, perhaps, from the point of view of the financial equilibrium of society, but simply from that of making the social relations of human beings with one another seemly, agreeable and dignified. The person who, in a smart drawing-room, laments aloud over her lack of means—I say "her" advisedly, for this seems to be an error that women are more likely to fall into than men—is hardly less unpleasant than the one who, on the same occasion, loudly proclaims the fact of having money in superfluity. To be sure, we tolerate one manifestation more readily than the other, because the combination of high social claims with inadequate means is, on the whole, more likely to produce a bearable result than the opposite combination of too ample means with inadequate standards. This is the reason, perhaps, why we do not

protest more loudly against the neighbor who, lying necessarily beyond the reach of offers of help, persists in explaining her existence in the terms of pounds, shillings and pence, and so bringing money, in words as well as in deeds, prominently into the foreground as almost the principal factor of life. Such conditions, in natures which are not noble, are apt to engender a concentration upon the petty details of existence, a habit of selection not governed by high standards, but by an adjustment to possibilities. This is a possible danger of both limited and unlimited means. In the former case, ideals may fade and standards become blurred by the interposition of ignoble preoccupations; in the latter, from its not being absolutely essential that a wise reflection and weighing of alternatives should accompany the process of selection, the capacity to select is again likely to suffer. The finer tastes and discriminations are not necessarily brought to their greatest perfection by being able to afford to get the second best as well as the best, by being able, without a thought, to make a trial of something that may be inadequate, in order to discard it afterwards, it may be, for something not more desirable.

There is a danger in an existence too easy-going and prosperous of losing hold on the finer, stronger aspirations, on the virtues of sobriety and temperance in the widest sense; a danger of being gradually overlaid by an abundance of detail and ornament, in every order a sign of decadence. In the noble nature, on the other hand, which succeeds in governing its fate instead of being governed with it, in keeping hold of the ideal in the face of poverty, the finer, stronger virtues are more likely to be engendered than in the case of the prosperous who hold on to their satisfied way in an existence subject to the continued encroachment of

self-indulgence both of the body and of the spirit.

I am not pausing to discuss here the desirability that the affluent should enjoy part of their means in a way which appears to most people so obviously "right," according to the received doctrines of altruism, that it is needless to spend time in discussing it. I am not going to repeat a thought that occurs in so many wise and foolish forms to most human minds at either end of the social scale, that part of the means of the rich should be consecrated to helping those who deserve help, or even those who simply need it. In both cases I would say incidentally that it is always possible to find out whether they do either one or the other, though this means a great deal more trouble than enunciating a general reluctance to "pauperize." It may sometimes be allowable to act for the legitimate advantage of the individual on lines which would not be practicable if applied to the community. But the welfare of the two appear at first sight so inextricably intertwined that it is, no doubt, more easy to say that the one must not be attempted for fear of endangering the other, than carefully and patiently to disentangle, for a given contingency, the threads that bind them together; and take the considerable trouble that it means to arrive at distinguishing.

And as for the really, absolutely poor, those in whom every generous impulse, every offer of help, every contribution towards the needs of another means, as the French say, paying with their person, depriving themselves of what they have to give to some one else, sitting up themselves at night by a neighbor's sick bed and thus practically taking their share of another's trouble,—I would almost go so far as to say that such an attitude of mind engenders certain high virtues which are practically unknown among those

who, under similar circumstances, simply draw out their purse, or write a letter . . . and send somebody else. It is probably unavoidable. These acts of daily heroism and self-sacrifice, accomplished as a matter of course at the cost of personal fatigue, suffering and privation, are things that cannot be learnt in theory, and are likely to be practised but very exceptionally by those who can exercise them by proxy. Is it true, then, after all—can it be?—that there is a high level of moral achievement which it may be difficult for the rich to attain? certain qualities, and those of the finest kind, which are bound to lie dormant, if circumstances do not call them forth? If so, let us seek for the remedy in the right place. Thrift is not the virtue we need here. It is not so simple as that. What is needed is to make a vigorous stand against the action of surroundings and circumstances, lest we should fall a helpless prey to them; to keep alive by constant effort the conviction that it is necessary to resist them. But it is possible that those whose lives are sunny and prosperous may mistake the content and satisfaction they feel for a condition of moral excellence in which watchfulness is not so much needed. Plato tells us that it is difficult to be cheerful when you are old and poor; and we may presume, therefore, that it is not difficult when you are old and rich. But even granting that that is so, which it certainly is not invariably—otherwise we should have a whole class of cheerful old rich whose existence would be of the greatest gain to the community—that is not the highest form of excellence. That is the sort of well-being that comes from repletion; you have had your fill of the good things of life, and can sit down well content. It is not philosophical and spiritual calm, arrived at by effort and aspiration. The obvious and disheartening condition of the people who have had enough is

that they do not want more; and, therefore, do not try to attain it. This it is that may stop the strenuous impulse, both of a moral and mental kind; for the intelligence, as well as the character, may mistake the satisfactory development arrived at by helpful circumstance, for natural endowment. But still this condition, this kind of "goodness," which is what, on the whole, the most favorably situated average human being may hope to attain, is of the kind which is the second best. For, after admitting the value of money in procuring the possession, or even in eking out the perception, of the really good things in this world, we must recognize that these are still but joys of the second order. The chosen know something else. There are, happily, some left in the world, who, having but little means, do not care about having more, all their desires and their possibilities being divinely absorbed in the possession of some great and glorious gift—or even, falling the gift, the contemplation and pursuit of some lofty ideal.

The glowing spark of endeavor strenuously kept alive by ceaseless effort until it is fanned into an unquenchable flame; the passionate concentration of purpose in the facing of privation; the unconscious effort at readjustment that may inspire the genius in his need with a fury of purpose to poise his balance with destiny more evenly,—all this, in its fulness, is inconsistent with riches. There is something in the fact of the luxurious, cushioned existence, flooded without any personal effort with light and warmth, which seems in some terrible way to put out forever the flame from within, or, at best, to prevent it from burning with more than a pale flicker. The mere fact of the possession of ample means is likely to induce a greater variety of surroundings, of occupation, of intercourse, and must break in on the determination to achieve the single-minded purpose,

kept before the eyes of him who has nothing else to look upon. The wealthy man may be a patron of the arts, a connoisseur, an amateur; he may be supported by a deluding inward consciousness that had things been otherwise he might still have conquered fame and opulence for himself. It is better that it should be so. Or rather, I would say, that since it is inevitable that it should be so, let him think that it is better. For it is not given to us, happily, to determine in which layer of the social strata we should like our lives to be cast—whether with those who have more, or have less, or with those who are between, in that middle state which poets and thinkers have assured us is the golden, the happy state of all. Shall we dare, in the face of their utterances, to hint that it is not? And yet . . . why is it golden? why is it happiest? Because, presumably, it is the state which makes for a selfish well-being without responsibility as without incentive? Let us say boldly that the mind that can dare, endure, attempt, would never choose to be "seated in the mean" if it could have something else. The highest achievement is not being contented with *that* seat, the highest striving is not compatible with it. No! in my heart I believe that mediocrity is not golden. It is leaden—it weighs down aspiration, it hinders accomplishment, it deadens hope; it lacks alike the spur of poverty and the encouragement of wealth, it stagnates, instead of battling or rushing. There lies the danger of the middle course, different, it may be, from that which menaces either riches or poverty, but danger still.

But, since these different strata are governed by different conditions, and, as applied to detail, different standards; since for some who are within the iron grasp of necessity the alternatives are few, and for others for whom proclivity and not necessity may decide, more



numerous; since all alternatives make demands on character and aptitudes, and since those, therefore, who have many alternatives have a more searching test applied to them than those who have fewer, it would be inestimably helpful to us all if we might have a code of life varied in detail according to different circumstances. Such a code would be more pliable, more practicable, more possible than the crude, inelastic rule intended for one section

of society only, by which all the others, nevertheless, attempt to grope their way. It would be possible for us to face, once for all, the fact that we are not necessarily wicked if we are rich, nor good if we are poor; and that it is not by trying to adopt the methods of dealing with money that are desirable in the poor that the rich will remove the traditional stain attaching to their condition.

*Florence Bell.*

*The Nineteenth Century.*

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### THE SWALLOWS.

In ancient days when, under cloudless skies,  
Spring's earliest swallows touched the Italian shore,  
Sad-hearted mothers gazed with yearning eyes,  
And cried, "Our darlings come to us once more."

A pretty fancy which our wiser age  
Has long outgrown. And yet—for England stands  
Watching the strife in which her sons engage  
At her behest, in those far Southern lands,

A thousand sons she mourns, untimely slain,  
Like early flowers that fall beneath the scythe.  
Swallows who seek your English home again,  
Over their graves your song was loud and blithe

A few short weeks ago. Perhaps a gleam  
Lit heavy eyes that saw you swoop and dart,  
While memories of some willow-shaded stream  
Or windy down arose within the heart.

Wherefore to us, this spring, your song shall be  
Fraught with a deeper meaning than of yore,  
As if, across the leagues of sundering sea,  
Some whispered message from our dead ye bore.

*The Spectator.*

*B. Paul Neuman.*



## THE HEART OF DARKNESS.\*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

## IV.

"One evening, as I was lying flat on the deck of my steamboat, I heard voices approaching—and there was the nephew and the uncle strolling along the bank. I laid my head on my arm again, and had nearly lost myself in a doze, when somebody said in my ear, as it were: 'I am as harmless as a little child, but I don't like to be dictated to. Am I a manager—or am I not? I was ordered to send him there. It's incredible.' . . . I became aware that the two were standing on the shore alongside the forepart of the steamboat, just below my head. I did not move; it did not occur to me to move. I was sleepy. 'It is unpleasant,' grunted the uncle. 'He has asked the administration to be sent there,' said the other, 'with the idea of showing what he could do; and I was instructed accordingly. Look at the influence that man must have. Is it not frightful?' They both agreed it was frightful, then made several bizarre remarks: 'Make rain and fine weather—one man—the council—by the nose'—bits of absurd sentences that got the better of my drowsiness, so that I had pretty near the whole of my wits about me when the uncle said, 'The climate may do away with this difficulty for you. Is he alone there?' 'Yes,' answered the manager; 'he sent his assistant down the river with a note to me in these terms: "Clear this poor devil out of the country, and don't bother sending more of that sort. I had rather be alone than have the kind of men you can dispose of with me." It was more than a year ago. Can you imagine such impu-

dence?' 'Anything since then?' asked the other, hoarsely. 'Ivory,' jerked the nephew; 'lots of it—prime sort—lots—most annoying, from him.' 'And with that?' questioned the heavy rumble. 'Invoice,' was the reply, fired out, so to speak. Then silence. They had been talking about Kurtz.

"I was broad awake by this time, but lying perfectly at ease, remained still, having no inducement to change my position. 'How did that Ivory come all this way?' growled the elder man, who seemed very vexed. The other explained, that it had come with a fleet of canoes in charge of an English half-caste clerk Kurtz had with him, that Kurtz had apparently intended to return himself, the station being by that time bare of goods and stores; but after coming 300 miles had suddenly decided to go back, which he started to do alone in a small dugout with four paddlers, leaving the half-caste to continue down the river with the Ivory. The two fellows there seemed astounded at anybody attempting such a thing. They were at a loss for an adequate motive. As to me, I seemed to see Kurtz for the first time. It was a distinct glimpse. The dugout, four paddling savages and the lone white man turning his back suddenly on the headquarters, on relief, on thoughts of home—perhaps; setting his face toward the depths of the wilderness, toward his empty and desolate station. I did not know the motive. Perhaps he was just simply a fine fellow who stuck to his work for its own sake. His name, you understand, had not been pronounced once. He was 'that man.' The half-caste who, as far as I could see, had conducted a difficult trip with great pru-

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dence and pluck, was invariably alluded to as 'that scoundrel.' The 'scoundrel' had said the 'man' had been ill—had recovered. . . . The two below me moved away then a few paces and strolled back and forth at some little distance. I heard: 'Military post—doctor—200 miles—quite alone now—unavoidable delays—nine months—no news—strange rumors.' They approached again just as the manager was saying, 'Nobody unless a species of wandering trader—a pestilential fellow, snapping ivory from the natives.' Who was it they were talking about now? I gathered in snatches that this was some man supposed to be in Kurtz's district, and of whom the manager did not approve. 'We will not be free from unfair competition until one of these fellows is hanged for an example,' he said. 'Certainly,' grunted the other; 'get him hanged! Why not? Anything—anything can be done in this country. That's what I say; nobody here, you understand, here, can endanger your position. And why? You stand the climate—you outlast them all. The danger is in Europe; but there before I left I took care to—' They moved off and whispered, then their voices rose again. 'The extraordinary series of delays is not my fault. I did my possible.' The fat man sighed, 'Very sad.' 'And the pestiferous absurdity of his talk,' continued the other; 'he bothered me enough when he was here. Each station should be like a beacon on the road towards better things, a centre for trade, of course, but also for humanizing, improving, instructing. Conceive you—that ass! And he wants to be manager! No, its—' Here he got choked by excessive indignation, and I lifted my head the least bit. I was surprised to see how near they were—right under me; I could have spat upon their hats. They were looking on the ground absorbed in thought. The manager was switching his leg with a

slender twig. His sagacious relative lifted his head. 'You have been well since you came out this time?' he asked. The other gave a start. 'Who? I? O, like a charm—like a charm. But the rest—O, my goodness! All sick. They die so quick, too, that I haven't the time to send them out of the country—it's incredible!' 'H'h. Just so,' grunted the uncle. 'Ah, my boy, trust to this—I say trust to this.' I saw him extend his short flipper of an arm for a semi-circular gesture that took in the forest, the creek, the mud, the river, seemed to beckon with a dishonoring flourish before the sunlit face of the land a treacherous appeal to the lurking death, to the hidden evil, to the profound darkness of its heart. It was so startling that I leaped to my feet and looked back at the edge of the forest, as though I had expected an answer of some sort to that black display of confidence. You know the foolish notions that come to one sometimes. The high stillness confronted these two figures with its ominous patience, waiting for the passing away of a fantastic invasion.

"They swore aloud together—out of sheer fright, I believe—then, pretending not to know anything of my existence, turned back to the station. The sun was low, and, leaning forward side by side, they seemed to be tugging painfully uphill their two ridiculous shadows of unequal length, that trailed behind them slowly over the tall grass without bending a single blade.

"In a few days the Eldorado expedition went into the patient wilderness, that closed upon them as the sea closes over a diver. Long afterward the news came that all the donkeys were dead. I know nothing as to the fate of the less valuable animals. They, no doubt, like the rest of us, found what they deserved. I did not inquire. I was then rather excited at the prospect of meeting Kurtz very soon. When

I say very soon, I mean comparatively. It was just two months from the day we left the creek when we came to the bank below Kurtz's station.

"Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth, and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side; the broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands. You lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off forever from everything you had known once—somewhere—far away—in another existence, perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but it came in the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder among the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, water and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. I got used to it afterward; I did not see it any more; I had no time. I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; I was learning to clap my teeth smartly before my heart flew out, when I shaved, by a fluke, some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the tinpot steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims; I had to keep

a lookout for the signs of dead wood we could cut up in the night for next day's steaming. When you have to attend to things of that sort, to the mere incidents of the surface, the reality—the reality, I tell you—fades. The inner truth is hidden—luckily, luckily. But I felt it all the same; I felt often its mysterious stillness watching me at my monkey tricks, just as it watches you fellows performing on your respective tight ropes for—what is it? Half a crown a tumble—"

"Try to be civil, Marlow," growled a voice, and I knew there was at least one listener awake beside myself.

"I beg your pardon. I forgot the heartache which makes up the rest of the price. And, indeed, what does the price matter if the trick be well done? You do your tricks very well. And I don't do badly, either, since I managed not to sink that steamboat on my first trip. It's a wonder to me yet. Imagine a blindfolded man set to drive a van over a bad road. I sweated and shivered over that business considerably, I can tell you. After all, for a seaman to scrape the bottom of the thing that's supposed to float all the time under his care, is the unpardonable sin. No one may know of it, but you never forget the thump—eh? A blow on the very heart. You remember it, you dream of it, you wake up at night and think of it—years after—and go hot and cold all over. I don't pretend to say that steamboat floated all the time. More than once she had to wade for a bit with 20 cannibals splashing around and pushing. We had enlisted these chaps on the way for a crew. Fine fellows—cannibals—in their place. They were men one could work with, and I am grateful to them. And, after all, they did not eat each other before my face; they had brought along a provision of hippo meat, which went rotten and made the mystery of the wilderness stink in my nostrils. Phoo! I can sniff it now. I

had the manager on board and three or four pilgrims with their staves—all complete. Sometimes we came upon a station close by the bank, clinging to the skirts of the unknown, and the white men, rushing out of a tumble-down hovel with great gestures of joy and surprise and welcome, seemed very strange, had the appearance of being held there captive by a spell. The word *Ivory* would ring in the air for a while—and on we went again into the silence, along empty reaches, round the still bends, between the high walls of our winding way, reverberating in hollow claps the ponderous beat of the stern wheel. Trees, trees, millions of trees, massive, immense, running up high; and at their foot, hugging the bank against the stream, crept the little begrimed steamboat, like a sluggish beetle crawling on the floor of a lofty portico. It made you feel very small, very lost, and yet it was not altogether depressing that feeling. After all, if you were small, the grimy beetle crawled on—which was just what you wanted it to do. Where the pilgrims imagined it crawled to I don't know. To some place where they expected to get something, I bet! For me, it crawled towards Kurtz—exclusively, but when the steam-pipes started leaking we crawled very slow. The reaches opened before us and closed behind, as if the forest had stepped leisurely across the water to bar the way for our return. We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness. It was very quiet there. At night, sometimes, the roll of drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air high over our heads, till the first break of day. Whether it meant war, peace or prayer we could not tell. The dawns were heralded by the descent of a chill stillness. The woodcutters slept, their fires burned low. The snapping of a twig would make

you start. We were wanderers on a prehistoric earth—on an earth that wore the aspect of an unknown planet. We could fancy ourselves the first of men taking possession of an accursed inheritance to be subdued at the cost of profound anguish and of excessive toil. But suddenly, as we struggled round a bend, there would be a glimpse of rush walls, of peaked grass roofs, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of feet stamping, of bodies swaying, of eyes rolling, under the droop of heavy and motionless foliage. The steamer toiled along slowly on the edge of a black and incomprehensible frenzy. The prehistoric man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us, who could tell? We were cut off from the comprehension of our surroundings; we glided past like phantoms, wondering and secretly appalled, as sane men would be before an enthusiastic outbreak in a madhouse. We could not understand, because we were too far, and could not remember, because we were travelling in the night of first ages, of those ages that are gone, leaving hardly a sign and no memories.

"The earth seemed unearthly. We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there—there you could look at a thing monstrous and free. It was unearthly, and the men were . . . No, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it, this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity—like yours—the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough, but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a dim sus-

picion of there being a meaning in it which you—you so remote from the night of first ages—could comprehend. And why not? The mind of man is capable of anything—because everything is in it—all the past as well as all the future. What was there, after all? Joy, fear, sorrow, devotion, valor, rage—who can tell?—but truth—truth stripped of its cloak of time. Let the fool gape and shudder—the man knows and can look on without a wink. But he must, at least, be as much of a man as these on the shore. He must meet the truth with his own true stuff—with his own inborn strength. Principles? principles won't do. Acquisitions, clothes, pretty rags—rags that would fly off at the first good shake. No you want a deliberate belief. An appeal to me in this fiendish row—is there? Very well. I have a voice, too, and for good or evil mine is the speech that cannot be silenced. Of course a fool, what with sheer fright and fine sentiments, is always safe. Who's that grunting? You wonder I didn't go ashore for a howl and a dance? Well, no—I didn't. Fine sentiments, you say? Fine sentiments be hanged! I had no time. I had to mess about with white lead and strips of woollen blanket helping to put bandages on those leaky steampipes—I tell you. I had to watch the steering and circumvent those snags, and get the tinpot along by hook or by crook. There was surface-truth enough in these things to save a wiser man. And between whiles, I had to look after the savage who was fireman. He was an improved specimen. He could fire up a vertical boiler. He was there below me, and, upon my word, to look at him was as edifying as seeing a dog in a parody of breeches and a feather hat, walking on its hind legs. A few months of training had done for that really fine chap. He squinted at the steam gauge and at the water gauge with an evident effort at intrepidity—

and he had filed teeth, too, the poor devil, and the wool of his pate shaved into queer patterns, and three ornamental weals on each of his cheeks. He ought to have been clapping his hands and stamping his feet on the bank, instead of which he was hard at work, a thrall to strange witchcraft, full of improving knowledge. He was useful because he had been instructed; and what he knew was this—that, should the water in that transparent thing disappear, the evil spirit inside the boiler would get angry through the greatness of his thirst, and take a terrible vengeance. So he sweated and fired up and watched the glass fearfully (with an impromptu charm, made of rags, tied to his arm, and a piece of polished bone, as big as a watch, stuck flatways through his lower lip), while the wooded banks slipped past us slowly, the short noise was left behind, the interminable miles of silence—and we crept on, toward Kurtz. But the snags were thick, the water was treacherous and shallow, the boiler seemed, indeed, to have a sulky devil in it, and thus neither fireman nor I had any spare time to peer into our creepy thoughts.

"Some 50 miles below the inner station we came upon a hut of reeds, an inclined and melancholy pole, with the unrecognizable tatters of what had been a flag of some sort flying from it, and a neatly stacked woodpile. This was unexpected. We came to the bank, and on the stack of firewood found a flat piece of board with some faded pencil-writing on it. When deciphered, it said: 'Wood for you. Hurry up. Approach cautiously.' There was a signature, but it was illegible—not Kurtz—a much longer word. Hurry up. Where? Up the river? 'Approach cautiously.' We had not done so. But the warning could not have been meant for the place where it could be only found after approach. Something was wrong



above. But what—and how much? That was the question. We commented adversely upon the imbecility of that telegraphic style. The bush around said nothing, and would not let us look very far, either. A torn curtain of red twill hung in the doorway of the hut and flapped sadly in our faces. The dwelling was dismantled; but we could see a white man had lived there not very long ago. There remained a rude table—a plank on two posts; a heap of rubbish reposed in a dark corner, and by the door I picked up a book. It had lost its covers, and the pages had been thumbed into a state of extremely dirty softness; but the back had been lovingly stitched afresh with white cotton thread, which looked clean yet. It was an extraordinary find. Its title was 'An Inquiry into Some Points of Seamanship,' by a man Tower, Towson—some such name—master in His Majesty's navy. The matter looked dreary reading enough, with illustrative diagrams and repulsive tables of figures, and the copy was 60 years old. I handled this amazing antiquity with the greatest possible tenderness, lest it should dissolve in my hands. Within, Towson or Towser was inquiring earnestly into the breaking strain of ships' chains and tackle and other such matters. Not a very enthralling book; but at the first glance you could see there a singleness of intention, an honest concern for the right way of going to work, which made these humble pages, though out so many years ago, luminous with another than a professional light. The simple old sailor with his talk of chains and purchases made one forget the jungle and the pilgrims in a delicious sensation of having come upon something unmistakably real. Such a book being there was wonderful enough, but still more astounding were the notes pencilled in the margin and plainly referring to the text. I couldn't believe my

eyes. They were in cipher! Yes, it looked like cipher. Fancy a man lug-ging with him a book of that description into this nowhere, and studying it—and making notes—in cipher at that! It was, indeed, an extravagant mystery.

"I had been dimly aware for some time of a worrying noise, and when I lifted my eyes I saw the woodpile was gone, and the manager, aided by all the pilgrims, was shouting at me from the riverside. I slipped the book into my pocket. I assure you to leave off reading was like tearing myself away from the shelter of an old and solid friendship.

"I started the lame engine ahead. 'It must be this miserable trader—this intruder,' exclaimed the manager, looking back malevolently at the place we had left. 'He must be English,' I said. 'It will not save him from getting into trouble if he is not careful,' muttered the manager, darkly. I observed with assumed innocence that no man was safe from trouble in this world.

"The current was more rapid now, the steamer seemed at her last gasp, the stern wheel flopped languidly, and I caught myself listening on tiptoe for the next beat of the float, for, in sober truth, I expected the wretched thing to give up every moment. It was like watching the last flickers of a life. But still we crawled. Sometimes I would pick out a tree a little way ahead to measure our progress towards Kurtz by, but I lost it invariably before we got abreast. To keep the eyes so long on one thing was too much for human patience. The manager displayed a beautiful resignation. I fretted and fumed and took to arguing with myself whether or no I would talk openly with Kurtz; but before I could come to any conclusion it occurred to me that my speech or my silence, indeed any action of mine, would be a mere futility. What did it matter what any one knew or



ignored? What did it matter who was manager? One gets sometimes such a flash of insight. The essentials of this affair lay deep under the surface, beyond my reach and beyond my power of meddling.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

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## MIMICRY AND OTHER HABITS OF CRABS.

While standing recently in the vestibule of the South Kensington Natural History Museum, in presence of the statue of Darwin, I noticed a statement on a placard to the effect that in reality our knowledge of the actual habits and life history of animals in a state of nature is comparatively meagre. This is almost inevitable, since such knowledge can be secured only by observation, which in many cases is necessarily deficient and almost impossible. Particularly is this so in the case of marine life; and even more when the special phase of that life is predominantly submarine. Here observations become exceedingly difficult, and it is only after much patience that nature is made to yield even a scanty portion of her secret.

It may be well to record some new phases I have noted of mimicry and other activities in crabs. For, few though they be, they will help, nevertheless, to swell the mass of facts necessary to the final record of life in the sea, which at present seems such a vast realm of mystery.

The word "mimicry" I shall employ here in its broadest sense. Messrs. Bate and Wallace have used it in connection with butterflies imitating each other. I shall use it of crabs simulating their surroundings. I am not aware that mimicry in any of the higher inhabitants of the sea has been treated by any one before. Some who have glanced at the subject seem to favor the idea that light, acting on the pig-

ment cells in the skin, is the involuntary cause of most of the varying colors in these creatures. But I am led to believe that this, in itself, is a slow process, and would take a considerable time to develop changes, whereas all the cuttles and many other forms of sea life can instantly change from one color to another; and I can scarcely see how this can be done, except by the eye, through the nervous system acting on the will.

Hence the question may be asked: How can the crab show these changes, having no skin, and hence no active color sacs, like the cuttles, wherewith to distribute this coloring matter?

To this I remark that the carapace, or shell of the crab, in addition to being the bones and framework of the animal, is also its true skin; a thick, massive armor, certainly, but possessing all necessary conditions of the skin. Hence the hairs growing on various parts of the body, especially near the head, are in touch with the nervous system; and the means for changing color, though much slower, are provided somewhat on the same lines as in the case of the cuttles.

The carapace is mostly composed of carbonate of lime; and the coloring of the shell depends on a pigment which pervades different parts of the substance. This lime and earthy matter is drawn from the sea by an organized membrane, and is at the will of the creature.

My first difficulty with this subject,

after puzzling over the remarks of Pieper, Poulton, Simroth, Cunningham, Newbigin and others, with their negation or approval of protective coloration, natural selection, mimicry and color in nature, has been whether the acts I shall describe in these creatures are voluntary or involuntary. In the mimetic coloring of the butterflies given by Wallace it would seem that the latter word represents their case. But, in the face of the facts I shall produce, there will appear a doubt whether this idea can be applied to any of these marine creatures.

Hypothetically, this article favors the view that the action of crabs in mimicking their surroundings is voluntary; but the question whether voluntary or involuntary is for future decision, when more abundant facts have been collected.

My first remarks will be on *Carcinus menas*,<sup>1</sup> or the common

#### SHORE CRAB.

It was long thought that these creatures, at the beginning of autumn, left the shallow and tidal harbors of Devon and Cornwall and went into the deep sea; but it has been discovered that they really do not go far out, but simply burrow under the sands, just outside low water spring tides.<sup>2</sup> There they exist through the winter in a semi-torpid condition; and while in this state such of the females as have spawn in them transfer their eggs from the internal shell to the underpart of the flap or tail by a beautiful and involuntary process. It would seem that before they leave this sheltered position in May the eggs are cast in the sand, and are alive in about forty-eight hours after being shed.

But this is only one side of their

varied existence; for most of the females which have not spawned in the sands have to pass through the process of exuviation. At a later date, as the summer advances, they retire to the roughest grounds in the neighborhood, generally at extreme low water spring tides; and on the sheltered side, away from the dash of the sea, under the largest stones, they scoop out for themselves homes, where they pass through this difficult and important change. Here in a few days they sometimes double their size and develop from puny maidens into full-grown crabs, when they are followed by the males, whose first act is to enlarge their dwelling, seeing they are about one-third larger than the females. To the best of their ability the males here protect the weaker sex from their enemies in passing through this plastic and helpless condition; and, on the partial hardening of the carapace, continue the final act of congress in their domestic retreats.

Here, also, in the late summer, may be found females spawning, which were not ready for this act, in the sands, during the spring. How far into the autumn spawning is continued it is difficult to decide, on account of the tides, but young crabs, in their first forms, may be found on the coasts from June to January.

Up to this point I have only been describing the shore crabs on the open coasts; but in our natural deep-water harbors, such as Plymouth and Fowey, where they are sheltered from the winter storms which beat upon the shore, their practice varies very much from that of those which live outside. There they never take up the hibernating habit and have a winter's rest like their congeners in the open sea, but are

<sup>1</sup> For the names of crabs I shall follow Bell; of cuttles, Gosse; of fishes, Couch; of seaweeds, Grattann.

<sup>2</sup> If the sands are not convenient, the crabs will

be found near in the most sheltered position where stones are plentiful, just outside low water spring tides.

forever in waking hours on the alert, and only use the sands or mud for rest, protection and the final acts of procreation.

Let us consider again their general habits in the open sea. Beside being scavengers of the shore, they prey upon every living organism near them; and as they can see just as well out of water as in it, they will sometimes crawl short distances out of the sea to secure some dainty food; and on sea beaches, when hunger presses them hard, they will even come above the waves at high water and hunt after the sand-hoppers there.

These anxious business habits are very attractive to the children of the coasts, who often receive their first fishing lessons in the capture of these little sinners,<sup>3</sup> with thread and pin hook. It is said that rats fish for them in the same way, using their own tails as lines and bait. Of this, I think, there can be no doubt, the great hunting-ground of the rats throughout the summer and autumn being the coast-line of the sea, and their quarry chiefly these crabs. Mevagissey old pier was built without lime, and it is not uncommon to see rats, between high and low water, hunting through this structure for these invertebrata. On one occasion I saw a rat with its hinder parts sodden with water, while the tip of its tail was quite white, as if it had just been used as a bait.

These shore crabs, although less than three ounces in weight and their carapace seldom stretching to three inches, when cornered in difficulties will face any enemy, however large. Possibly these fighting proclivities may have been intensified by the fact that from the first dawn of existence they have never had any kind of maternal or parental assistance, having had to fight the battle of life alone. The grip of their

nippers is powerful. I have known them hold on to the lifting of over eighty times their own weight.

But notwithstanding this strength and courage, they know well the difficulty there is in living near the shore, with the sea-birds, man and an army of rats as their inveterate enemies. Moreover, in the great light of our shallow seas, their chief trouble is in getting any kind of living food. Hence the whole race, with more than human tenacity, cling to mimicry as the sheet-anchor of life; and when many of its varied forms of deception fail, they have no hesitation in simulating death, as will be seen as I proceed. On the coasts of Cornwall, near Mevagissey, the powdered white sea-shells mixed with the broken mica-schist rocks give us a brown sand. These are often interspersed with white markings from quartz pebbles; hence the first act of many young crabs here in the spring is to color their carapace brown with white spots.

On Portmelon beach, where the brown sands and the white shingle mix freely together, I have seen crabs up to an inch and a half across the back with these white markings prominent, whereas the same sized crabs in Mevagissey pier on the black mud assume a dark green, approaching an almost pitchy hue; while on the open coasts in the summer months, between high and ordinary low water, the principal color is green, because of the preponderance of green sea-weeds there. This, however, is modified into light and dark hues by the presence of dark mud and stones or light sands and shells. In all these shades the crabs imitate their environments, even to giving the white patch on their carapace a greenish tinge, especially in the pools, where it either hides them from their enemies or gives them better opportunities of pouncing on living food; whereas at extreme low water, in their chosen retreats un-

<sup>3</sup> On many parts of the coast they are called by this name.

der the stones, where coral and worm life give a red hue to their surroundings, the males and some females dress the whole of their exposed parts in a red color, and even the brown back, which is mostly hidden, has a red tinge.

Their feigning death is often seen after a fight or a struggle for life in which they have been badly worsted. This often happens when, after being caught in a shore seine, all their efforts to escape have failed, and they are drawn in on the beach. Then their simulation of the end is almost perfect. This is also seen when they are fighting with the human hand and are overcome. Then the assumption of death is their final act; sometimes it takes the form of rigidity of limbs, as if they were dying in a fit, and at other times a rag-like limpness as if life were gone.

To show that these creatures have an innate desire for this kind of trickery, let me describe half an hour in the life of one of them.

Some time ago I was waiting for the tide to come into a neighboring harbor, and with its advances I noticed that quantities of young prawns were anxious to explore its mud and sea-weed, and that in the long furrow made by the last ship's keel, these active creatures came along by the score. Many had not passed in before *Carcinus maenas* came to the front, out of the mud. At once he showed me he had a design on the life of these prawns, for he quietly crept into the keel-mark and stood across their track with extended claws and open nippers; and in his green-gray form, covered with dirt and mud, he could scarcely be seen on the sea bottom. Here he waited to grapple with the first comer. But wariness barely expresses the watchful care of these prawns, for the crab was noted

at once, and they came up to him with extended antennæ,<sup>4</sup> and either touched or smelt his nippers, and quickly passed by on the other side. This was done again and again, but he stood like a statue under their scrutiny. At last one of the prawns seemed to come a little nearer than the others, and the final rush and nip were given, but without effect, for the feelers were quickly withdrawn, and with a flip of the tail the creature was out of reach.

But although unsuccessful, the crab was not without further resources. His next move was to look around the track a little, and soon he found some green sea-weeds near. These he touched up lightly, and after moving them a little more to the centre, he quietly got into the middle of them, and again stood up with extended claws and open nippers. Here the green crab, in these green garments, was fairly hidden.

Quickly but cautiously again came on the prawns. Soon their antennæ struck his open nippers in the weeds, and again in cautious haste they moved away.

Patience is said to be a virtue, and if it is so, this little crab had a good share of it, for more than a score of these prawns touched his nippers in the weeds, and went their way without coming within gripping distance of the silent watcher.

At last his virtuous feelings became exhausted, and he rushed with violence on his wary neighbors, but without effect, for, with a swift move of their tails, they were out of danger. But the crab's artifice was not yet ended. After taking a little rest (for now his arms must have been as weary as those of the disobedient schoolboy after the punishment of holding out his book) he began to search for a soft place on

<sup>4</sup> Professor Milne Edwards regards the inner pair of antennæ, in crabs generally, as organs of smell, and the outer and longer pair as organs of hearing. As prawns have three pairs of an-

tennæ, we are led to believe from the actions of these creatures that the third and longer pair are organs of feeling, and, to some extent, answer the purpose of the human hand.

the bottom away from the weeds, and, having succeeded, much to my surprise, he began an unexpected caper. After working his claws and telt violently for some time we saw his purpose, for in this clear water he made a thick mud-cloud over six inches high and four or five inches wide. Instantly he got into the middle of it, and there he stood with outstretched arms, hoping and waiting for the coming of the prawns. But they seemed aware of his presence, and appeared to know that tricks like this had been played before for the capture of prawns; for they approached cautiously with extended feelers, and, after probing the cloud for a time, evidently found their enemy, and quickly passed on without entering the trap.

Soon the cloud subsided, and the crab again appeared, and dimly seeing the retreating forms of the prawns, darted after them, but again without success. These efforts seemed to be too much for the poor hungry one, who soon retreated to his old cover.

We may next consider *Portunus puber*, or the

#### VELVET SWIMMING CRAB.

These live in the sea, close on the outside of *Carcinus maenas*, and, being night feeders, commit all their depredations on their neighbors in the dark.

Full-grown specimens are seldom above three inches across the back. They are rarely found inside ordinary low water spring tides or beyond half a mile from shore.

They are the most fierce and cruel of all the smaller crabs; and, with their red eyes, quick sight and red and blue markings, impress most of the young fisher-folk with the fear that there is poison in their bite. Hence their common name is the stinging crab; but their nip will lacerate delicate hands only. Yet they are desperate characters, and do not hesitate to attack and

kill the great crab, *Cancer pagurus*, a creature which is nearly one hundred times their own weight, and which, if it could get hold of them, would grind them to powder; but theirs is only another simile of Man and the Whale, as may be seen at any time under certain conditions.

It is customary, when fishing for great crabs, for the fishermen to deliver them to buyers about once in the week.

During the interval the crabs are generally kept in a large wicker store at the bottom of the sea. If it is sandy there, they are safe from most enemies; but if the bottom is rough, these pertinent rascals are sure to be found there, and woe betide *Cancer pagurus*, for, when night comes, they will instantly attack him in the eyes, and so active and constant are they that the great crab has no chance with them; finally, they will actually eat his eyes out, and death will ensue. What follows may be easily guessed. A dead lion is not a more welcome treat to the jackal of the desert than a large crab is to this fraternity.

When last at Polperro I noticed that the fishermen were forced to float their crab stores in the surface of the sea to avoid these pests. At Mevagissey the fishermen are obliged to do the same.

By day the velvet swimming crabs live in the shelter of the rocks and under loose stones, but with night they explore the whole neighborhood, and when the occasion offers, they are violent and savage hunters. If food is scarce they delight in the crab and lobster pots of the fishermen, where they can have abundance of rough matter for the effort of eating it; but they are sure to be up and away (escaping between the rods) before the morning light, ere the fisherman comes to see the night's results, for they are equal to almost any emergency in fighting life's battle.



Gosse kept a specimen of these creatures in his aquarium; and describes him as "a fit representative of those giants that nursery tradition tells of as infesting Cambria and Cornwall in Good King Arthur's days. Gloomy, grim, strong, ferocious, crafty and cruel, he would squat in his obscure lair watching for the unsuspecting denizens of the tank to stray near; or would now and again rush out and seize them with fatal precision. As the Giant Grim of old spared not ordinary-sized men for any sympathy of race, so our giant crab had no respect for lesser crabs, except a taste for their flesh. This was torn off and eaten with gusto, while the rest of the animal was wrenched limb from limb with savage wantonness, and the fragments scattered in front of his cave."<sup>\*</sup>

Their enemies are probably the nursehound of Couch, the Great Northern diver, which I have seen feeding on them for months together, and also the otter. The evidence of the latter being in this list came in rather an indirect manner. I once kept two young otters, and on being fed with ordinary fresh fish they gave me no little anxiety, for they did not thrive nor relish their food satisfactorily. In considering the habits and life history of their parents, it struck me that they must certainly come in contact with our shore crabs, and possibly eat them, or give them as food to their young. In trying the experiment with a batch (among them was the *Portunus*) which I presented to these youngsters, the sight was something to be remembered, for they almost jumped out of the barrel to secure them and ate them in a few seconds. With this change of food I had no more trouble with my charge, and I think this is fair evidence that the otter is an enemy of *Portunus puber*.

Their mimicry is seen in many forms,

and is used more as a mask to protect them when resting by day than as a shield in the darkness, for this in their working hours must generally cover them.

Its first phase is seen in some of the younger crabs, which sometimes venture a little above low water spring tides in company with *Carcinus maenas*. These put on an indefinite brownish hue, blending well with the color of their neighbors; no pink or blue shades are seen, and even their eyes lack the pertinent red lustre seen in their fellows of the same size lying further out, where other hues preponderate.

The larger forms, found under the stones at extreme low water, where zoophytes and other life give a pinkish hue to their cover, and where dark pebbles with a blue shade cover the bottom, color all their joints and interstices red, and their claws black or blue.

The whole body has a plush covering of a velvet consistence which gives the crab its name. This, to suit their environment, can be modified into light drab or brown, and when darker colors are still wanting the plush is often rubbed off the back in places, showing their dark form and giving them a color suitable to their surroundings.

But their greatest mimicry seems to be on the first sight of the human form. No doubt they are much frightened at the appearance of this burly, beak-faced, glaring animal, a creature more than a thousand times their size and with incomprehensible strength.

A malformed giant visiting the earth from one of the planets could not be more terrifying to us than man seems to be to these creatures. Their first act is to fight him or feign death in his presence. I have more than once watched their actions when a large stone had been quietly lifted off their resting place. Instantly they are either glaring at the intruder with their nip-

<sup>\*</sup> See Gosse's Aquarium, p. 103; also White's British Crustacea, p. 43.



pers up for a fight, or they lie as quiet as the pebbles around them without moving a muscle. If taken in the hand they will sometimes allow their claws to be placed in any form without resistance, and even if put on the beach will keep their claws in the same form, for a considerable time, as if they were really dead among the weeds; and yet all the while, from the angle of their eyes, it can be seen that they are intently watching their visitor.

The females in this species, unlike most other crabs, are about the same size as the males, and the propagation of the race is continued much on the same lines as that of the shore crab, only in a little deeper water; the males visiting the females in their sheltered homes and protecting them from their enemies when passing through the weakness and utter helplessness of exuviation.

I will now consider the habits and mimicry of *Cancer pagurus*, or the

#### GREAT CRAB.

Although this creature is found everywhere on the rough sea bottom near the British Isles, it is a question if such extremes of matured life can be found connected with any animal forms without an apparent cause, for here we have dwarf and colossal life on the broadest lines yearly perpetuated as extremes of the race.

I have been led to believe that the finest crabs exist between Dartmouth in Devon and the Lizard headland in Cornwall, where males are often known to reach thirteen and fourteen pounds weight, and where they are only called half-crabs when under eight inches across the back; whereas on most other parts of the British Isles crabs two or three pounds weight and six or seven inches across the back are considered large. It would be interesting to know why this is. It can scarcely be from

climatic causes, as the Land's End and Scilly Isles on the one hand and the shores of the English Channel on the other ought to have a water temperature not much unlike this district. Nor can it be from the nature of the sea bottom, for rough grounds suitable for these creatures exist both to the east and the west of this Land of the Giants.

The facts point to some kind of food as being the cause of the massive size of these creatures; and, therefore, I think it would be worth while for some county council, or even the Government, to send an expert to look up this question. If the real tid-bits cannot be discovered, there is the crossing of the breeds to fall back on; and if results come out as some other mixing of superior with inferior races has done, an incalculable benefit will be conferred on the crab fisheries of Britain.

Like crabs generally, the great crab is fond of secrecy, and, being a night feeder, it usually hides in caverns and crevices or under the sands by day, and hunts or lies in wait for its prey by night. Not being nimble in its movements, its captures are achieved more by feats of strategy and cunning than by activity. Its powers of smell and eyesight are fairly good, and it prefers fresh, red-colored fish as food, such as the red gurnard, red mullets and bream, or the strongly perfumed flesh of the whitehound shark. Evidently one of its habits when on the war-path is to stand quiet in the night with extended arms and open nippers, in the shadow of some great rock or group of tall sea-weeds, and then grip at all comers. If this scheme fails, it seeks the sands and buries itself there, with the exception of its eyes and the tips of its nippers; here it awaits the moving of soles, plaice and other sand-wandering life. That these crabs are apt at this work, may be seen on their first capture by

man, for they will often stand in this attitude for ten minutes together, awaiting the approach of the human hand.

After they have revelled in the food of our summer seas, in the autumn a mass of red matter gathers in the carapace of the females, which is the material for a new shell, or the substance to be used in the formation of eggs if these are not actually in existence. With the first autumn storms the whole family divides into two parts; the maternal or egg-bearing section retiring into deep water where they again divide; the younger forms, when some three or four miles from land, going deep under the sands and hybernating there until the spring; while the older members continue the journey to a much greater distance, until they find deep water out of reach of the storms of winter. Here they rest without burying themselves very deep, as the trawler, when fishing by night, often catches numbers of them. Through the winter, by a beautiful process, the eggs, varying from one to two millions in number, are drawn out of the body by means of a pouch, and attached to the stems and filaments under the flap or tail.

How long they remain in this position it is difficult to say. As the bulk of the crabs return unburthened to their old haunts in May and June, it seems certain that their eggs must have been held *in situ* by the parent until about this date. And it further seems probable that, when developed, the larva is left at various depths in the sand, as active larval forms are not plentiful in the surface of the sea off the coasts until July and August. On the other hand the second division of these females, which have red matter in them for a new carapace, and which are the younger forms of the race, retire, protected and guarded by the males, to the rocks and vast reefs, which abound

off the coasts, and in their caverns and crevices in the spring pass through the process of exuviation and often congress.

It is from this section that the fishermen draw their early supplies ere the older females return from the deep sea spawning grounds.

It may not be out of place to remark here that exuviation is not absolutely a yearly act. In the younger forms it is passed through as often as they can find food to supply nature's conditions, which, in some cases, may be several times in a year; neither does congress always takes place at the time of exuviation, as it is often seen in other phases of life. Mimicry in these creatures is an interesting study.

Their enemies are all the large skates existing on the coasts, with the *Octopus vulgaris* and the nursehound sharks; while the sea breams and wrasse delight in feeding on the remains of their slaughter.

The skates hunt them with great energy, and with their tough snouts rout them out of the crevices of the rocks, and after crushing them devour them whole. I have seen as many as five of these crabs in the stomach of one skate.

The octopus also feeds on them ravenously, and, but for their sharp nippers, would scarcely look for any other food. I have more than once seen such cuttles with their arms bitten clean off, which, no doubt, was the result of battling with these crabs. The nursehound also feeds on the smaller forms.

To fight the battle of life unseen by their enemies is the one great purpose of these creatures; hence mimicry of rather a high order is quickly assumed by them. Thus when they are living among the dark olive laminarian seaweeds, a dark chocolate color is put on, which so quietly blends with these weeds that their forms cannot be distinguished among these dark olive con-

ditions; while in deeper water on the low rocks and brown sands they cover themselves with brown hues so that it is difficult even for sharp eyes to distinguish them from their surroundings. Besides this they have another protection; being night feeders, all crabs who, with the morning light, find themselves on the sands, instantly bury themselves. This fact is known to the shore trawlers, who, while fishing by day on certain grounds, will scarcely find a crab; yet, when trawling on the same sands by night, will catch them in great numbers.

Then they have the wonderful trick of assuming death in difficulties. Let man or their other enemies come upon them, however suddenly, they will instantly either fight, or mimic the departed; and so persistent are they in this mode of deception that if conditions do not change they will continue in this state until death becomes a reality.

My next remarks will be on *Homarus vulgaris*, or the

#### LOBSTERS.

These exist on our coasts from the lowest spring tides out to thirty-five and forty fathoms of water, which, in some instances, may be five or more miles from land. Their home is always in sheltered positions. Near the shore by day they live in holes or caverns, or under large stones with a free exit, and are most plentiful where rocks and sands are in close proximity; when this clear, sandy expanse in the twilight or moonlight can be used as fencing and hunting ground, as pleasure or hunger may preponderate, for they are the most active and warlike of all our large crabs.

That fencing is a pastime among lobsters I have no doubt, from some little experience I have had with them. Once I found a lobster near low water in a pool some nine feet long by six wide,

having a rough bottom and eight or ten inches of water on it with a cavern at each end. Although I was armed with a crab-hook or iron gaff about three feet long, the extreme darting and fencing of the lobster were too much for me to grapple with. When in the deeper cavern I found it could see me through the water as plainly as I could see it; so that here the better constructed eyes of the *Genus Homo* had no advantage over the rough, hard, stalk eyes of the crustacean; and as I could not get to gaff across it, every effort I made was evaded; at last, however, by mere vigorous and energetic gaffing, I made the cavern so uncomfortable for the lobster that, like a lightning flash it darted between my legs and into the lesser cavern. Here the same game went on and with like results; for, in a moment, he was again between my legs and back into his old haunt. Finally, becoming tired of gaffing and missing (for its fencing was perfect, and could not have been achieved without long practice), I declined to be beaten by a mere crustacean, and proceeded to bail out the pool. It was only by this effort that I eventually conquered it. And here I must confess that throughout the battle so deft, crafty and subtle were its actions that it was like fighting a being endowed with human intelligence.

I have further proof that they manifest a severe martial spirit in the sea when hunting for food. It is nothing uncommon for fishermen, when drawing up their traps in the morning, to find the large claw of another lobster in the pot beside the prisoner; and there have been instances when three large claws have been found together under the above conditions, and a lobster with one arm, as a prisoner, showing that in a recent fight the victor had lost one, and the vanquished both its arms. But these are only trifles compared with what the late Sir Isaac Coffin saw on

the coast of Nova Scotia, for it is given on his authority that he once witnessed a terrible battle between two armies of lobsters, and that they fought with such fury that the shore was strewn with their claws.\*

If in the pursuit of food only these bitter battles are fought by these creatures, we can imagine the nature of some combats when the females are to the front and the most beautiful claimed by the conquerors.

It seldom happens that in these food fights one lobster actually kills another. No fisherman in this neighborhood has ever seen death on these lines; the loss of a limb being the extent of the injury done to the defeated. Is it possible there can be such ideas as those of order and honor among lobsters, and that in this strife for sustenance there is to be no biting or striking below the head or claws; and that the marvellous facility they have of healing a wound in an instant, by casting off the limb at the last joint and throwing a film or cicatrix over the wound, thus preventing bleeding and further injury to the creature,<sup>†</sup> is known to the race and is acted upon in these contentions; while striking below the head and fighting to the death is only allowed in their more fierce and violent life battles, when they are contending, perhaps, for the best home caverns and the society of the best females? That this is the case seems probable from the fact that when first brought face to face with that rare monster, Man, they are desperate, and will instantly kill each other to escape from his presence and power; so much so that he has to tie their claws, or cut the higher tendon, which prevents them from opening

their nippers. Further, this escaping of the conquered from the fisherman's pots helps us to realize that lobsters are not the stupid creatures some would have us believe. Evidently they know all the conditions of the trap man has so skilfully made for their capture, and how to get in and out of it when it suits their purpose; and also that their being ensnared by him comes from an undesigned act of theirs, viz., by lifting what appeared to them to be the seabottom and themselves gently to the surface by a string, a fact of which they had no conception, for what lobster could imagine that what appeared to be the foundations of the great deep could be so quietly moved? Again, another fact connected with their fighting habits presents itself to us. I refer to the statement that our fishermen have never known one of these creatures attempt to taste the fresh sweet arm of a defeated foe, which clearly shows that lobsters have no cannibal propensities.

I will now consider the acts of mimicry in lobsters. Their enemies are all the skates, congers and larger cuttles, with possibly the great crab. The former violently hunt for them amongst the rocks, and with their long noses quickly turn them out of the crevices and often swallow them whole.

The *Octopus vulgaris* hunts them in like manner; and with its spider-like arms and strong suckers will drag them out from any fissure; and, when hunger presses, it has been known to force itself between the rods of the strong wicker stores of the fisherman, and devour them without mercy.

To evade these the lobsters can—according to the grounds they are on—

\* See White's British Crustacean, p. 103.

† The least prick through the shell of any crustacean will cause it to bleed to death quickly. I have often seen this happening without the creature knowing it, so slight was the wound. Seeing death approaching it so stealthily, I have sometimes frightened the creature by dart-

ing a sharp instrument into the toe of the injured limb. This greater pain has made it quickly throw off the now doubly-injured limb, when at the same moment it covered the orifice with a film, and in this manner saved its own life.

assume all the colors shading between a dark blue, through brown, to a whitish cream-color, mostly by a mottling process; and as in deep water the bottom is much spotted in some places with quantities of dead-white sea-shells and cream-colored corallines,<sup>8</sup> the utility of these colors in this form, in the lobster, is apparent, as it puts them in harmony with the above conditions. Near the shore the umbrageous, palm-like laminarian forests cover the dark, rocky bottom; under this shade at mid-day it is only twilight, and in the caverns and caves it has the darkness of night; here in the day their dark-blue color beautifully blends with their surroundings; and in the night we are certain they are safe from the eyes of their pursuers.

Bell, in his great work, "British Stalk-eyed Crustacea," noted (and his observation was confirmed by Couch) that there is as much difference in the color of lobsters as there is between the white race and the African; and, from it, concluded that lobsters do not wander far from certain localities, as each situation impresses its own shade on the shells.<sup>9</sup>

This comes very near our idea of mimicry in these creatures, but unfortunately it gives the credit of the change to the sea-bottom instead of to the lobster.

Here I will look at the *Maia squinado*, or the

#### SPIDER CRAB.

These are found in all our western and southern waters, and are plentiful off the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, where they are often found in crab pots, set for the capture of the great crab, into which they are enticed by the same bait.

It was thought that these stilted

spiders were weak and shaky on their legs, but really it is not so. They are well adapted for climbing up the long stems of the laminarian sea-weeds and running over and foraging among their tangled leaves.

Even the fisherman's net is often used in the same manner when hanging from the boat to the sea-bottom; for, when seeking or leaving food they will run over it as easily as a mason will his ladder, or a spider its web.

And when it comes to the getting of the fish from the net, they are the most violent of all the crabs; for with these apparently weak nippers, they will cleave the net as clean as though it were cut with scissors, and carry away portions of it with their stolen food.

As a rule they are day feeders, and delight in the warmth of our shallow waters; and during hot summer weather it is nothing uncommon to see them lying in the crown of these palm trees of the sea, basking in the sunshine.

They are said to be the sweetest food of all the crabs, but their exterior is so rough with spines and tubercles that when in their finest form neither man nor fish cares to have much to do with them. In the moulting season, however, all this is changed; for when they are in this plastic condition nearly all the predatory fishes are their enemies and are anxious to taste this dainty. The spider crab seems to know this, and when passing through this phase of weakness falls back on a splendid form of mimicry for protection, by covering its exposed parts with sea-weeds. These are entwined among the hairs and spines, and stuck in all the joints and crevices of the creature.

On looking carefully over several of them I have doubted if the decoration were really adjusted by the wearers, because weeds were growing beyond

<sup>8</sup> More especially the *Alcyonium* (Linn). This sponge-like coral, in some places on the sea-bottom, is found in vast masses. I have seen as

many as sixteen in a square foot of the ocean bed drawn up on a fisherman's hook.

<sup>9</sup> See Bell's *British Stalk-eyed Crustacea*, p. 254.



the reach of their claws; hence I have concluded that after congress, knowing their unprotected state, the male had assisted in this important and needful act. When the males' troubles in connection with exuviation come on, the females perform the same kindness to their friends in danger. The weeds are of many kinds; among them I noted the *Zostera marina*, *Chorda filum*, *Ulva latissima*, *Porphyra vulgaris*, *Enteromorpha compressa* and *intestinalis*; and so well is this transformation accomplished that the ordinary eye cannot distinguish them from the sea-bottom. To the youngsters of the race they must be the veritable Santa Claus of the sea.

When in this disguised condition they are so fearless that they will often venture far out on the gray sands in search of soft and suitable food, where they are often caught by the score in ground seines.

But when the carapace has hardened through age, these decorations are generally dispensed with; and their spines and color-mimicry are again trusted to for defence. Thus where the olive seaweed preponderates and its dark shades are thrown on the rocks, the creature assumes a reddish-brown hue which blends well with its surroundings; but

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in deep water on stony grounds, where a lighter color prevails, a brownish-gray color is assumed throughout on claws and carapace, which harmonizes well with its environment.

Again, I have reasons for believing that all the species of spider crabs in British waters more or less mimic their surroundings.

*Hayes araneus* is so fond of this mimetical state that it always keeps itself fully dressed whatever its personal condition; and various algae are piled on its legs and carapace in such quantities as to make it difficult to know it from a bouquet of weeds; while *Pisa Gibbsii*, which lives in deeper water, manages so to cover itself with sponges and corals that no one but the initiated would think a crab was underneath.

Again, in the West Indian seas the spider crab, *Macropodia occidentalis*, also acts on these mimetic lines, and imitates the colors and conditions of its vicinity by disfiguring itself with sea-weeds and sponges; and when in this form watches for its prey.<sup>10</sup>

In closing I may remark that I have not exhausted the subject of mimicry, having reasons for thinking that all the crabs on our coast delight in tricks, and more or less practice deception.

Matthias Dunn.

## THE MODERN PARENT.

In the old times it was taken for granted in literature, and presumably also in life, that children were under a considerable obligation to their parents for the bare fact of existence. Many affecting appeals in drama from father to child resolve themselves simply into the following inquiry: But for me where

would you have been? and its corollary. Since you owe everything to me, is it not reasonable that you should display your gratitude by doing what I ask of you? Undoubtedly there was a good deal of logic in the plea, though I cannot recollect that it was ever successful. Still, the whole scheme of filial duty was based originally on the belief that it was very good of parents to

<sup>10</sup> See Linn. Trans., xiv., 335, and White's British Crustacea, p. 13.



bring their children into the world; and it dates back to an age when people married explicitly in order to have children, and when every man owed it to his family not to die without lineage. Gradually, however, that change came to pass which makes the dividing line between the modern world and the ancient—the change in the relations between woman and man. The unit of society was no longer the family, but the individual, who sought his own good and his own completion, irrespective of his family connections. The bride assumed a new importance, a value in her own right, since man no longer demanded in marriage a woman, but *the* woman; and, as romanticism strengthened, the thought of issue in marriage receded further and further into the background. And so it has gone on. Shakespeare, in the Sonnets, utters his magnificent laudation of the “marriage of true minds;” but you also find him insisting on the notion that “of fairest creatures we desire increase.” In Browning, who is your typical modern poet of love, the man thinks of nothing in heaven or earth but the woman, the woman of nothing but the man. And to come down to prose, I would assert boldly that those of us who marry to please ourselves—which is, upon the whole, the usual proceeding—desire simply the society of a certain person, with whom to live out life, and accept the consequences, with or without enthusiasm. We do not feel that in bringing infants into the world we are fulfilling a sacred duty; we are inclined, perhaps, to look upon them as the inevitable outcome of an arrangement which our lives demand. What is more, our neighbors are inclined to take the same view of the matter. We know exactly the area of the world's surface, and the statistics of population terrify us; we all realize how few places there are and how many seek them; and, by a nat-

ural consequence, we deprecate rather than rejoice in what Tennyson called “the torrent of babies.”

Still, there was always the old argument to fall back on: If we did good to no one else, at least our children would thank us for the original benefit of existence; and till this century the argument was never challenged. *Œdipus*, *Job*, or *Swift*, the famous unhappy, might curse the day when they were born, but mankind regarded their utterance as a startling paradox, a final proof of their exceptional infelicity. Now, pessimism has gradually pervaded the air; and though men and women cling more tenaciously to life than ever they did, and in order to go on breathing will submit to the perpetuity of a German water-cure, the world at large is ready to question whether life really is worth living. I believe the subject has been discussed during the vacant months of one autumn by the *Daily Telegraph*, and that clinches the evidence for the existence of pessimism. That being so, how is a father to say “My son, you are indebted to me for your life,” when he knows that his son may retort, “Sir, I was never consulted in the matter”? The father has brought the child into the world; but suppose the child does not like the world when it gets there, how is he to answer for it? He cannot say that he married in order to confer the blessing of existence upon other creatures; he cannot say that duty impelled him to do so; and society will not even applaud him for having given another subject to Her Majesty, Her Majesty's subjects being already too thick upon the ground. The son's retort, if it be made, seems to me unanswerable, and the father can only confess that he has taken an unpardonable liberty with another human being.

Add to this that the propensity of the human mind to fatalism has flung us into a blind belief in the unlimited

consequences of heredity. A child's ancestry, we are taught to believe by our modern preachers, the dramatists and novel writers, determines absolutely not only the child's character, but the events in his or her life. Consequently, for whatever misfortunes befall the child, for whatever misdeeds he may commit, the parents are responsible, who brought him inconsiderately into the world; and especially the father, since with him the business of selection is still held chiefly to lie. Take all these considerations together—I believe they exist, though obscurely and half realized, at the back of many minds—and can you wonder at the apologetic attitude which the modern parent assumes to the modern child? It is no longer, "My son, I am your father, and your mother is your mother, and if you do not love, honor and obey us you are an ungrateful dog." Rather the poor man has the air of saying: "My dear boy, my constitution is not all it ought to be, and my great-grandfather committed suicide; what can I do to atone for the gout which will certainly be your portion, and the hereditary bias which may probably incline you to cut your throat? Take five shillings a week pocket-money, and try to bear up.—My dear girl, your mother's great-aunt ran away with the footman; and the worst is that I knew the fact when I married.—Do not, I beseech you, let me have to reproach myself more than I already do for having started you in life with this fatal predisposition to levity of conduct."

Perhaps the state of mind which I have described is rather inculcated than attained; perhaps not even doctors inquire with any accuracy into the medical pedigree of the young ladies whom they desire to marry; and perhaps the world in general would still approve rather than reprobate the action of a lady who, when her *fiancé* was ordered to South Africa with lung disease, to

all appearance a doomed man, refused to break off the engagement, married him and, in a few years, brought him back as strong as the rest of us. However, the fact remains that to-day the morality of her action, as well as its wisdom, would be questioned; half a century ago she would have been hailed as a heroine. I do not know that public opinion on this matter has yet become sufficiently ascertained to affect conduct, though I believe that in a short time it will be difficult for any man or woman with insanity in the family to get married. But I am sure that the sense of parental responsibility has developed to an extraordinary degree within the century that is just closing. A hundred years ago, or less, if parents saw that their children were in good health, had proper food and dress, and acquired, in addition to their rudiments, the accomplishments necessary to their station—a little French, music and drawing for the girls, a little Latin and Greek for the boys—the parents were held to be amply fulfilling their duty. The duty of children, on the other hand, was equally plain: to learn their lessons, to keep out of the way of their elders when they were not wanted, and to be cheerful, and not noisy, when they were encouraged to appear. Consider, for a moment, in this connection the writings of Miss Austen, which I maintain to be, among other things, a series of invaluable documents for the social history of her time. Miss Austen—I have it on the authority of the "Dictionary of National Biography"—loved children, and they loved her. But I confess I should never have guessed it from her writings, for in them "boys" always rhymes to "noise," and the most frequent object of her satire is "the injudicious mother," who does not keep her children where they ought to be—in the nursery. Nowadays we are in a lamentable transition period. We still think our children a nuisance—for the

modern parent is at heart deplorably unregenerate—but we do not think ourselves entitled to think so. I cannot illustrate the modern mother's frame of mind better than by quoting some verses written by Mrs. Dearmer, a lady whose picture-books are one of the many things which make the child of to-day much luckier than his fore-runners:—

I think the world is really sad,  
I can do nothing but annoy;  
For little boys are all born bad,  
And I am born a little boy.

It doesn't matter what's the game,  
Whether it's Indians, trains, or ball;  
I always know I am to blame  
If I amuse myself at all.

I said one day on mother's knee,  
"If you would send us right away  
To foreign lands across the sea,  
You wouldn't see us every day.

"We shouldn't worry any more  
In those strange lands with queer  
new toys;  
But here we stamp and play and roar,  
And wear your life out with our  
noise.

"The savages would never mind,  
And you'd be glad to have us go;  
There nobody would be unkind—  
For you dislike your children so."

Then mother turned, and looked quite  
red—

I do not think she could have heard;  
She put me off her knee instead  
Of answering one single word.

She went, and did not even nod.

What had I said that could annoy?  
Mothers are really very odd  
If you are born a little boy.

The mother's contrition, which Mrs. Dearmer indicates in this delicate, roundabout way, is quite true to life nowadays; but the average matron of the early Victorian period would have

known nothing of such heartburnings. Mrs. Dearmer's lady finds her children troublesome at times—which is quite natural—but she is inclined to think that it is very wrong of her to be so intolerant. Her grandmother would have packed the infants promptly out of the room, and never troubled to justify herself for doing so. To be with their elders was a privilege which children had to merit by good behavior, and being good meant being quiet. Even Miss Edgeworth, who in many ways anticipated the modern theories, was quite clear about that. To her mind the duty of children not to annoy their parents was much more peremptory than the duty of parents to amuse their children; whereas nowadays we are distinctly taught that parents have no right to be annoyed. I should greatly like to call up Miss Edgeworth from the shades and ask her to comment, for instance, on Mrs. Dearmer's poem. She would explain, I think, to the parent how, by a judicious mixture of rewards and punishment, even a person who has the misfortune to be born a little boy can be induced to enjoy himself quietly in a corner; and to the little boy, undoubtedly, she would say, that if he wishes other people to be agreeable to him he must be agreeable to other people, and consequently must not shake the table when his mother is writing (see "Little Frank," *passim*). She certainly would never insist, as a good many people do nowadays, that it is essential to the health of little boys that they should "stamp and play and roar," and consequently that grown-up people have just got to put up with it.

The case of the Edgeworths is really instructive. "It was the lot of Maria Edgeworth," observes Mrs. Oliphant, in a very charming chapter of the "Literary History of England," "to be trained in one of those somewhat appalling family seminaries of all the virtues, where nothing escapes the sys-

tem of education, and everything is made subservient to the moral discipline of the house." Mr. Edgeworth was a gentleman of independent means and no occupation, who had a turn for natural science and a passion for lecturing his company; and this passion he indulged for the benefit of his children. The most exacting Froebelian could not expect any parent to take himself more seriously as a parent than did Mr. Edgeworth, and it is only fair to say that his children adored him. Yet I do not feel the least desire to emulate the virtues of this model father. I do not find that he made any endeavor to enter into his children's pleasures; he did his best to make them take up his own whims, and to become little patterns of the great exemplar who sat daily at the head of the long breakfast table. The model parent, in short, in this instance, was a prig and a maker of prigs; and that is, in my humble judgment, what the model parent is fatally apt to become.

"Come, now, let us live for our children." Such, it appears, was the message which Froebel, the great apostle of modern theories on education, delivered. Let us educate them so that, I suppose, they in their turn may live for their children, and the world be perpetually full of parents sacrificing their own lives to make their children so moral that these in their turn will repeat the sacrifice, and so on *ad infinitum*. For if there is one thing about which the modern theorist is more clear than another, it is that character, not instruction, is the object of education. We are to teach our children, not how to be good—for the assumption is that children are not bad, and that if they do what they ought not to, it is the fault of their education, or of their hereditary tendencies—but how to be observant, how to be cheerful, even how to play. In many cases the adoption of these theories has an ironical result;

the modern mother is so profoundly convinced that this business of education is a difficult and subtle business, only to be conducted by an expert, that she packs her children out of the house as soon as they can walk, and salves her conscience by paying the bill. In Miss Edgeworth's novels you find innumerable complaints of the fashionable lady who made over her child to a foster-mother, and found the little creature a great nuisance when it returned to her. Nowadays those ladies would have no trouble in the matter; they could commit their infants to a system, and explain to the next person who took them into dinner how essential it was that the early training of a human creature should be entrusted to a person who had minutely studied the mental processes of children and understood the harmoniously proportionate development of body and mind. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley would have been an enthusiastic advocate of the Kindergarten if it had existed in her time, and if she could have found some one to pay the fees for her. Still, the people who merely find in modern theories an excuse for washing their hands entirely of parental duties are rare; the average mother desires her children's presence; so does the average father—in moderation. But the parent who is theory-bitten, is apt to turn a pleasure into a duty and to destroy the whole value of domestic intercourse. The other day a friend of mind was talking to a proud father about his child—a delightful little girl, fresh and dainty, as charming as a kitten. "What good company she must be for you!" said my friend. "Yes," the father answered, "and how sad to think there will be an end of it all in a year!" My friend naturally inquired if there was any reason to be alarmed—any impending separation. It was not that. In a year the little girl would reach the age of three. "And, you know, it is recognized

that when a child comes to three you must never say anything before it without thinking of the effect that will be produced on the child's character."

This is a true story, and the man was an intelligent man, and quite serious. Can one conceive of anything more lamentable? A person in ordinary society who should never speak or act without weighing the probable moral effect of his word or action would be simply intolerable; but his neighbors would, in all likelihood, never find him out; they would simply put him down as a bore. Now, one of the facts that we all admit is the perfectly appalling insight of the pupil into the teacher's mind—an insight narrow and unjust, but all the more appalling on that account. If a parent were to assume this attitude in his intercourse with his child, the child would find him out instinctively before it was five years old; it would know that it was being consciously moulded, and it would resent the fact, as it ought to. And if, instead of a child, there were children, they would talk it over among themselves and laugh at the inefficacy of the method. No human being likes to be "influenced," least of all by some one who is trying to conceal the process; and the modern theory is, I imagine, that children should not be preached to or exhorted, but that they should be unconsciously guided in a desirable direction. The result would be one of two things: either the child would submit knowingly to the process, and would thereby lose much of its natural and invaluable instinct of self-assertion—would be trained, in short, to undervalue and diminish its own individuality; or else—and this would be, happily, a much more frequent occurrence—it would develop character by an instinctive rebellion against the directing influence. Character is not a thing that can be given or imposed from without; it can only grow; though it is quite possible

to produce a morbid and unhealthy growth, like that of a flower in a greenhouse. The people who talk about developing character are like those who seek to create health by administering a succession of drugs; for my own part, I believe that both character and health are best promoted by judicious letting alone. There is often worse mischief done by parental interference than by parental neglect; I appeal to Mr. George Meredith and the example of Richard Feverel. The best thing that can happen to a boy is to be brought up in a simple and natural way—living, that is to say, for the early part of his life among people who are kind to him, but whose orders he has to obey without questioning, and who are for the most part occupied with their own interests—who live their own lives and let him live his. But if from the moment a child comes into the room the father and mother have to put a constraint upon themselves—to shape their conduct and conversation for the particular end of his moral advantage—instantly the conditions become forced and unnatural. The behavior and talk of ordinary decent people have in them nothing that can hurt a child; for the most part, if they go on without reference to him, the child is sublimely unconscious of them, engrossed in his own concerns; for the rest, they appeal to his curiosity, as they ought to do, and wakens in him that vague speculation which is the beginning of independent thought. His character is forming itself, both by obedience to rules and by collision with them, and it does not need the administration of perpetual moral prescriptions—prescriptions of which no doctor can foretell the effect. Nothing can compensate to a child for the loss of a country bringing up; not because in the country he learns to observe Nature (one of the things about which the modern theorist



is stark mad)—for the same child who in the country picks up the names of wild flowers, and can tell you the markings of every bird's egg, will get by heart in London all the regimental facings or the list of river steamers, information quite as valuable as the other—but because in the country he is far more left to himself. He can run about and associate with the farm laborers, learning something of a class whom he may never come across in after life; contract friendships with unwashed and ragged little boys, and in their company continually get his feet wet—physically and morally, too, if you like—without the least apprehension of catching cold. In town he is under observation all the time, watched over by some one possessing a theory of what is good for his soul and body. It is in town chiefly that children suffer from that physical and moral coddling which is the deadly vice of the modern parent. A lady was explaining the other day that a certain portrait of her son had been completed only with great difficulty. At every sitting the child's temperature went up to such a degree that she almost feared that the portrait must be given up; it was too strong an excitement!

Indeed a chief objection to the plan of living for our children is the tendency of anxious parents to create some occupation for their anxiety. An old-fashioned mother would have had other things to do than to run about taking her little boy's temperature at odd times. If we are to be continually fussing over our children's health, there results a formidable demand upon our actual time, and what is worse, upon the leisure of our thoughts. This is in itself undesirable; but the worst is that we are now in a fair way to bring up a race of valetudinarians. The little boy who is used to have his temperature taken when he sits for his picture, will certainly injure his health when he

comes to be a man by the simple fact of thinking too much about it; and I should greatly fear that the little girl whose father sets a watch upon his lips in her presence from the time she is three years old, will grow up into a moral valetudinarian, who is the worst type of prig. Happily the best meant experiments on character often lead to results as widely different from those that are naturally to be expected as they are from the consummation contemplated by the experimentalist.

Nature is too hard for any theory or system. It is quite possible that children who have been brought up to expect that a reason shall be given them for whatever they are told to do, or even children who have been taught to believe that obedience is not necessary unless they approve of the reasons given, may take their place in life without friction or annoyance to themselves or their neighbors. They have inherited instincts of self-adaptation, which will guide them a great deal more surely than their own crude reasonings. But in all probability they will have been a nuisance to themselves while they were growing up, and certainly will have been a nuisance to their parents. I believe in the experience of the race as against any individual theory, and the experience of the race advises that children should be taught to do what they are bid without asking for reasons. They will infallibly reason for themselves on the injunctions; they will judge their parents, and if the orders are unreasonable, will judge them adversely; that is the menace which it behooves parents to bear in mind. But a child does not expect to be considered in all things; and it seems to me that if we set out to live for our children, instead of living for our own ideas and work in the world, we shall be putting things on a topsy-turvy basis, and sending our children out into life equipped with a terribly undue



sense of their own importance. The adult mind has other work to do than to concentrate itself exclusively upon the interests of a domestic circle; and I think the best plan is for decent, clean-minded people to go their own way in freedom, not constrained by the presence of their children, nor continually condescending to the undeveloped intelligence. Depend upon it (as the *Spectator* says), this continual stooping of the back is good neither for the one who stoops nor for the one who is stooped to. Mr. Edgeworth (to revert to our great example of the model parent) acquired a habit of imparting instruction which made him intolerable in all societies, and while he was teaching to his children (there were nineteen or twenty of them by four or five successive spouses) the theory of soap-bubbles and how to make a model of a water-mill, he left the entire management of his estate to his eldest daughter; and upon his death the eldest son, imbued with all this valuable mechanical knowledge, proved perfectly incompetent to deal with troublesome tenants, and directly a land crisis came handed the books of the estate back to the much-overworked Maria. His intelligence had been studiously developed, as Froebel would have dictated, along the line of least resistance; he had not been taught the lesson of doing something that he understood nothing about, just because he had got to do it.

That is where the modern theorists seem to me hopelessly in error. Both for the moral and the intellectual part they adopt a system of spoon-feeding. They do not trust nature, which if you provide food, will generally provide the digestion. And the modern parent, so far as I can see, gulps down wholesale what one may call the mud-pie theory of education. Education used to begin with the A B C; but if you send your children to a Kindergarten, the children

will be taught to regard the alphabet as a very advanced branch of knowledge. They will be taught educational games; a whole class of them lie down on the floor and crawl, pretending to be caterpillars; then they get up and flap their hands about because they have become butterflies; that is a lesson in the life-history of the insect world. They model in clay in order that they may learn that a pig has four legs and a tail; they plait rushes in order that they may contribute to the harmonious development of all their faculties by acquiring manual dexterity; they build houses with bricks that they may learn how to carry out a design. I have heard of an instructress of Kindergarten teachers who made her pupils devote an hour a day to learning how to hop like frogs, that they might be able to impart that accomplishment. Even if you do not send your children to a Kindergarten, its theories invade your domestic happiness. People give you complicated Kindergarten toys, and the unfortunate parent has first to learn how to work the toys, and then to teach the children how to work them. But as for reading, that is considered to be too great a strain on the budding intelligence.

By Froebel's system even the rudiments are expressly prohibited till a child is six, and, so far as I can make out, reading is discouraged afterwards. A very clever parent was explaining to me not long ago that his very clever little son was not taught to read because little boys invariably put themselves into unhygienic attitudes over a book. They read doubled up, and that is bad for their digestion; or they read lying on their stomachs, and that is bad for their eyes. For my own part, I would risk the hygiene for the sake of the education. The only valuable knowledge is the knowledge which we acquire for ourselves; and to teach a child how to read is to

give him a key to a world inexpressibly wider than that in which he moves. It is rare for boys to go to school possessing anything that can really be called knowledge; but those who do have, invariably got their knowledge by miscellaneous reading in books which they only half comprehended. It is not a habit that is acquired at school, where every hour has its fixed occupation; that is to say, that the average child has only five or six years, say from six to twelve, in which to form it. And I confess that I should be unwilling to postpone the chance of acquiring this habit even to the most scientific instruction in building bricks or in making mud-pies. In short I would teach a child first of all how to read, because by teaching him to read you put him in possession of the employment which of all others is the most delightful to many children, and those the most intelligent; because you enable him to amuse himself quietly, and because you give him the best chance to find out what sort of things really interest him in life. You open the door to that cultivation of his own mind by himself which is the most important of all.

The rest of education stands on a different footing. It is not an amusement, and you only do harm by pretending that it is. The young teacher nearly always sets out with a theory that his or her business is to teach boys and girls how to think. In every public school you will find young masters who neglect their proper business—with the best intentions—in order to pass the time agreeably by discoursing on subjects in which they wish their pupils to take an intelligent interest; and other masters, to whom their pupils pass on, have with much bitterness to teach the boys what they ought to have been made to learn in these agreeable half-hours. No human being can teach another how to think, any more

than he can teach him how to digest; he can, at the most, indicate the conditions of healthy digestion and clear thought. But he can, and he ought to, teach him how to learn, which is a deliberate conscious effort of the will and the memory; and to make this effort is not an easy nor a comfortable process. You may decoy a child into knowing all the names and the counties and rivers of England—and he will not be a great deal the better for the knowledge—but you cannot cajole him into learning how to learn. I see lesson-books entitled "French without Tears," and so forth, and I distrust those lesson-books. At all events, in the school-room of the best teacher I ever knew there were enough tears shed to fill many buckets, and the pupils were the teacher's own children. I do not know exactly what they learnt in that schoolroom, but they learnt how to learn, and they even gained a taste for the business. If they liked what they had to do, so much the better; if they did not they were made to do it all the same—at what a cost of energy and patience only those who have taught can realize. I read in *Child Life*, which is understood to be the official organ of the most enlightened Froebellians, the rebuke administered to a lecturer when she took upon herself to exhort her Kindergarten students to patience: "There was a look of surprise on every face, and at last one student spoke up, and said, 'But how *can* one feel impatient with a little child?' " The rest of us are not so Froebelian as all that, and I am sure that the teacher of whose success I spoke had such ample cause for impatience as no animal in creation but the human child can afford. But when noses had to be kept to the grindstone, they were kept there, and the result was that in the end the reluctant intelligence made the effort which was demanded of it and learnt. Morally, it learnt that efforts had to be made;

intellectually it learnt how to make them. That is the double lesson—the necessity of learning and the way to learn—which ought to be imparted to every child before it goes to a school, where the pupil takes his or her place in a class of twenty. In such a class the teacher's business is to teach a definite thing; but the unfortunate pupil who has not learnt how to learn cannot receive the individual attention necessary to get him over this first step. Under the Kindergarten system he will have learnt only to expect that every obstacle will be smoothed away, and I suspect that he will be very like a creature who has been taught to swim on dry land and is pitched into the water. The last thing that I should be afraid of is overstraining a child's intelligence in the initial stages. Once the child has learnt how to learn there is a danger, and the anxious parent may easily do a mischief by impressing unduly upon a willing boy the transcendent importance of passing a particular examination. Even if his elders are convinced that a child's whole future is at stake upon a single success, it is both unfair and unwise to make the child share this tremendous anxiety, too heavy a strain for the young nerves. That is an error to which the modern arrangements predispose all of us; but it does not spring from a theory. What I am concerned with here is the theory which seeks to confound work with play, and to find a royal road to learning in which all the labor shall be transferred from the pupil to the teacher. I have no personal experience of the matter, and I am told, on good authority, that the pupils come from a good Kindergarten knowing what they ought to know, and knowing it well. But it seems to me that the system is deficient in the most vital point of all; that it does not enforce the lesson of personal effort, and that in laying itself out to make things

pleasant for the learner it makes them too easy, and does not make sufficient demand upon attention. If it does not call forth a conscious and deliberate concentration of memory or reason by an exercise of will in the learner, it fails in its function.

The teacher of whom I spoke already had naturally her views upon the art she practised—for teaching, with all deference to Froebel, is an art and not a science—but, like all artists, she could not define her method. The Bible, common-sense and good English poetry were the things which she laid down as a basis for elementary education; but, of course, the word "common-sense" begs the whole question. Still, there is an element of suggestion in the list. Good English poetry was ruled out by Mr. Edgeworth, on the ground that it was foolish and wrong for children to learn to repeat words of which they did not know the precise meaning; and then there is a very curious passage, in which poor Rosamund is reprimanded when she wants to repeat the opening of Gray's "Elegy," "because the lines sound so very pretty." Her mother tells her that she does not know what "curfew" means, nor a "knell;" Rosamund replies, as one would say, like a very intelligent little girl, that she cannot tell the meaning of every word, but she knows the general meaning. "It means that the day is going; that it is evening; that it is growing dark." However, this avails nothing, and she is reduced to a better frame of mind, and accepts as the most appropriate poetry for her years, a description in rhymed couplets of a weaving machine—apparently the work of her condescending father.

Mr. Edgeworth, in many ways the type of the modern parent, is not quite in the movement on this point. Everybody admits nowadays that it is well to encourage children to take pleasure in the sound of beautiful words, and

in the Froebelian system great importance is given to learning verses by heart. But the verses are verses specially composed, written down to the infant intelligence, and for that reason scarcely examples of good English poetry. It is again the method of spoon-feeding adopted, instead of letting a child learn by heart, as children will do with enthusiasm, the ringing phrases of Macaulay's "Lays" or the songs of Shakespeare, which they repeat for the mere pleasure of the sound, training their ear and their instinct insensibly to the beauties and the uses of language, which is the instrument of all human business and the material body of thought. In education, as in life, a child gains continually by contact with the unfamiliar, at whose meaning he guesses. It is from the mind's tendency to conjecture that we learn to think.

All modern theorists lay great stress, like Mr. Edgeworth, on the importance in elementary education of physical science. I confess to a prejudice on this matter. The worst educated men among men of high intelligence that I have ever met were mathematicians; and next to them, in order of deficiency, I should put men of science. Nobody disputes the value or the interest of scientific knowledge, but it seems to be an indifferent training for the mind. I can never forget that Darwin, who in his young days loved Shakespeare, when old lost all pleasure in him, but continued to delight in the commonplace novel with a happy ending. It seems as if a mind dwelling perpetually on the tangible and definite—on the thing that can be absolutely proved or disproved—lost its sense of the mystery and fascination which hang about the meaning of life. I think that by early insistence upon physical science you may develop an undue bias for the material fact, a contempt or distaste for the unascertainable; and the busi-

ness of life does not deal with fixed quantities. Still there is enough in science to stimulate the imagination, heaven knows! and of the value of its study as a kind of gymnastics for the mind I have no experience. Comparatively few people have; but no doubt it will be tried. It is an age of science and experiments, and since people have made up their minds that education is a science, experiments will be tried in education.

There exists in London a club—the Sesame—which provides sitting-rooms, dinners, newspapers in the ordinary way for the ladies and gentlemen who belong to it; but in its inception it was not as other clubs. It began with an association of people for the purpose of studying and spreading knowledge on all matters relating to educational reform; it was, in short, and still is in some degree, a club for the production of the educated mother, and, if possible, of the educated father also. The Sesame Club, as I understand, issues *Child Life*, the paper of which I have already spoken, and identifies itself in this way with the Kindergarten system. It has even founded an ideal Kindergarten, where students may go to practise Froebelian methods upon children who receive a gratuitous schooling. Young ladies may go there in order to become educated mothers and competent in the theory and practice of "such objects as child development, natural science, hygiene and general household management," as well as education. If you ask for a more precise definition of the ideals to which the modern parent, as represented by this club, subscribes (in both senses), one is provided by Prof. Earl Barnes; "The great work of the Kindergarten is to help the child to integrate his personal, material, social and religious worlds." The definition may not be very comprehensible, but it sounds sufficiently comprehensive—too much

so for my liking. I should like to adjure the modern parent to ask a little less of education and trust a little more to nature.

It seems that the present generation—the people whose children are growing up—are convinced that they themselves were extremely ill-educated, and are determined, at all events, to be wiser than their parents. Frankly, I do not think it was so bad as all that. My friends appear to me to be very agreeable and well-educated people, and I see no reason to be discontented with the bringing-up which made them what they are—if indeed the system had much to say to it. My own opinion is that, in any case, being brought up among the same persons, they would have turned out much the same whatever method had been adopted. The moral part of education is a thing that can be delegated to no Kindergarten in the world. Our conduct, in so far as it does not proceed directly from our innate qualities, is governed by imitation, conscious and unconscious. The people who influence us first are our parents, with whom we must live in some degree of intimacy; afterwards we are chiefly affected by the associates whom we choose for ourselves. Admiration is at the root of it, and the natural instinct of a child is to look up to the grown-up people it lives with, and to adopt their ideas, but only on condition that the elders behave naturally. Boys do not imitate their schoolmasters, for they know perfectly well that their masters assume a behavior for their edification; perfect naturalness is hardly possible in the relation of teacher and pupil, and, the more we think about influencing our own children, the less likely we are to accomplish it. Lady Isabel Margesson, in a paper read before the Women's Con-

gress (reprinted in *Child Life*), declares that we ought to learn how to "self-express ourselves." I think she is needlessly disquieted about the matter. Children understand their parents very well, and when one human being deliberately tries to explain himself or herself to another, the result is nearly always misunderstanding; this is the most fruitful source of the quarrels of lovers. The one thing to be avoided is fear—habitual fear. If you cow a puppy you can do nothing with it, and some children are cowed—oftenest by a stinging tongue. I will say this for the modern parent—that this evil is far less common than it would appear to have been even half a century ago; the father is not that awe-inspiring personage he once was. Human nature being what it is, one need not be seriously afraid of his becoming, in many cases, a sort of amateur schoolmaster, like Mr. Edgeworth, or the model Froebelian parent.

As for the intellectual side of education, I merely wish to urge that the simpler and more definite our aims are, the more probable will be their attainment. Exactly what children, boys and girls, ought to learn at school may be matter for discussion, though I can conceive of no more proper basis of study than language, which is to be the vehicle of all our ideas and our means of communicating with our fellows. But the essential thing is that they should learn what they are set to learn; and the sooner they learn that they have got to learn, the better. I do not feel convinced that this simple but invaluable knowledge will be acquired in a place that aims at integrating the material, moral, social and religious worlds of a child, and teaching him how to play.

*Stephen Gwynn.*



## FOR THE CREDIT OF HIS COLOR.

One scorching afternoon, in the days before the British Government had been roused to realize that its Gallic neighbors were quietly appropriating the West African hinterland, a little worn-out French gunboat came clanking down a broad reach of the muddy Niger. The sky, suffused with heat, was the color of brass overhead, and the yellow river radiated dazzling light as it broke apart in white froth at the rusty bows, giving up a curious sour smell. Ashore, here and there a tall palm hung its green fronds over the river, then giant reed beds, covering festering muds, melted into jungly thickets, which were lost again in a haze of heat. Black smoke rolled from the funnel to hang in horizontal strata over the bubbling wake, because there was not a breath of air to carry it away; and down in the stifling depths under-deck, naked, plague-stricken negroes groaned and sweated before the sulky fires. The wreck of a white man, half frenzied with fever, alternately encouraged them and abused the fate which had sent him there.

Here was little glory, only misery, heat and death, while he knew the one hope of saving the last of the company lay in hurrying the vessel down through the reeking delta into the life-giving freshness of open sea. But the boilers were foul with stone and mud, the scaled tubes were leaky, and it was only by desperate efforts he could keep steam at all, while part of the precious vapor was blowing into stokehold and engine-room. The engineer, Marsaut, checked a burst of expletives when a dripping black man flung down his shovel, and its clatter was followed by a choking cry. Wiping the sweat out of his eyes, a Senegali fireman bent over a limp black object, with staring

eyes huddled among the coal, and a hoarse voice said:

"It is the will of Allah! Another of us is dead. How can any man labor without eating in this heat of the pit? yet until an hour ago he tolled at my side. So the white man need speak no more hard words, for we have kept our promise of service. Where are all the rest who came with me from Dakka?"

As Marsaut afterwards told Fleming, the English trader, he could find nothing to say, and mutely watched two men fasten a firebar to the black ankles. Then the tackles creaked, and a shape, with limply hanging head, rose slowly towards the gratings, while ascending after it he heard a splash and saw something cleave apart the muddy river. Meantime under the ragged bridge-awnings, which fluttered with the hot draught the steamer made, Commander Girardi lay huddled in a canvas chair, the perspiration sealed up in his burning skin, and the soiled white uniform hanging loosely about his wasted limbs. His eyes were almost blinded by the reflected glare, and he blinked uselessly at the shimmering water, which, to his disordered vision, had changed itself to fire, growing steadily brighter as the steamer panted on. That, like others made about the time, had been a disastrous expedition. It was true sundry agreements with dusky gentlemen, who represented themselves as persons of authority, written in fantastic Arabic, were securely locked in a chart-room drawer, but then each petty Moslem chieftain was fond of making treaties, which became a source of revenue to him. In return for sufficient presents he would accept European protection from every offerer, and leave the harrassed frontier officials to afterwards settle the matter.

Also, while Girardi waited for the detachment which had marched inland on secret business, Moslem Senegali and white Christian died, because that part of Africa is deadly in a bad season even to colored intruders, and when one of the party came back alone with a tale of suffering he gladly turned the vessel's head towards the sea.

But the pestilence followed her, and by glaring sandbar or in the shadows of the dim forest little crosses marked the last resting-places of those they left behind, while those who lived grew weaker every day. Now Girardi was straining his eyes to find a buoy he had placed at lower water upon a sandy shoal, not knowing that the tattooed tribesmen, who considered the big iron cylinder, which might be forged into spear heads, was wasting its utility in the river, had prudently removed it.

So presently the ebony Senegali, who gripped the steering-wheel in answer to a question said:

"I see a ripple in the water, but there is no buoy. This is either the work of magic or some accursed heathen has stolen it."

Then the treacherous current which slid seawards smooth as oil at over four knots an hour wrinkled ahead, and the wheel-chains rattled, while Girardi stretched out a shaking hand towards the telegraph. A gong clanged below, but there was no slackening of the vibration, perhaps because the man who should have heard it lay laughing foolishly upon the floor-plates of the engine-room. So, with propeller thrashing full-speed, and a shouting on the bridge, the steamer drove on until a few minutes later her forefoot struck something with a sickening crash. Over she rolled, lifting one weedy bilge in the air and grinding the other into the sand, while the current drove her sideways across the shoal. Muddy water leapt and spouted along the inclined deck, the half-immersed propel-

ler commenced a horrible uproar as it whirled round in free air, and sickly black men were scrambling everywhere. Two leapt out into the river, and were probably speared by the tribesmen, for they never came back again. Then some one stopped the engines, and a pulsatory roar of escaping steam drowned all other sound, while a bare-headed officer shouted himself hoarse in an effort to restore order.

Presently the grinding and crashing ceased, the rush of steam died away, and the vessel rose more upright as she settled herself in the sand, and lay there hard and fast, with the muddy current gurgling mockingly as it raced past her. Then the sable seamen settled down into the fatalist's apathy, and their leader, gazing at the pitiless heavens and flaming river, said:

"While there was hope we obeyed the white man and worked on. Now the food is spent, and all are sick, so it is doubtless written that we shall die."

In the little sweltering chart-room two haggard white men took counsel together, and the Commander watched them stupidly, trying to understand, for the throbbing in his head grew louder and almost deafened him, so he lay still, only plucking at his garments with claw-like hands. One afterwards went down stream to bring back help if he could, and the other tried to set the sickly crew to work heaving the vessel off, but some lay down beside the winches from utter weariness, and the rest dragged themselves about despairingly, for, as they said, it was no use fighting against destiny. So day by day the little vessel lay aground under the burning heat, and the stricken wretches crouched gasping beneath the awnings, looking for the help that never came, until again the red sun dipped behind the forest, and with the sudden darkness it grew hotter.

It was about this time that Fleming, the trader, lounged one night under the

roofed veranda of his lonely factory, which was perched on piles above a muddy creek. The air was hot and heavy with the smell of the river mud, and below him white trains of ghostly mist wreathed themselves along the edge of the surrounding forest. Sometimes the whine of a crocodile rose up from the slimy creek, while centipedes, snakes and scorpions strove together, rustling in the thatch above his head. In the dimly lighted room behind him processions of big brown cockroaches crawled across the mildewed walls, and an odor of stale tobacco, rotten wood and kerosene drifted out through the window, while its temperature would have put fear into the hearts of the unacclimatized.

Fleming, however, was used to all this, for he was a big bronzed man who defied the fever, and chiefly by right of personal valor, acted as unofficial ruler of a turbulent neighborhood. Other white agents had tried it, and either received their dismissal by the malaria, or after living in a state of fear and tension, went back with appalling stories about the place. Then Fleming took the reins and held them in a strong hand, and enjoyed peace because it became apparent that he was a dangerous person to meddle with. Presently a woolly-haired Krooboy, wearing a red tennis-jacket and the primitive waist-cloth, laid a tray on the little table, and the young assistant's eyes glistened at the sight of a whisky bottle. Then Fleming, who owed his safety to his knowledge of human nature, said, quietly:

"Benson, in a hole like this, that means cutting your last hope adrift. No, you needn't explain; I haven't stewed long years in the tropics without learning the feeling, and I also know what it means to give in. Muddy claret isn't wholesome, but **too much** of that other is deadly. I almost think I'm drifting the same way myself now

there is nothing to do. Confound it, why can't they settle that inland palaver? Idleness in this heat kills more men than fever. So—as a matter of precaution. Bad Dollah, you bring in more of them bottle."

There was a swing of the brawny shoulders, and a bottle swept out in a parabola across the creek, to crash with a sharp tinkle against a cottonwood, while the next spread destruction among the scaly things which crawled in a festering pool, and a third burst into fragments against an advancing canoe. The Krooboy attendant looked on stolidly, for he had learned not to be surprised at anything his master did, while Benson made no comment, for he fancied he understood.

"Rather rough on the firm," said Fleming, with a laugh. "Ah! here's that canoe nigger. I thought I had settled him with the last bottle," and a big river man, wearing very little besides designs in blue tattoo, pompously climbed the veranda stairway, holding out his messenger's credentials in the shape of an old umbrella stick which some genius had embellished with rings of gold paint.

"Hallo!" said Fleming. "Has your master sent you with oil to pay for the cotton piece, or to 'tief something? My word, it's a pity I didn't catch you with that bottle," and the negro grinned approvingly, ere, being proud of his pal-aver English, he answered:

"No, sah, headman Shulane not dun 'tief enough for pay for them cloth yet, but he send a message—how much them low trader give me for a 'teamboat? 'Teamboat live in his river with white man too much sick, be them other little white man more debbil than you. Shulane say, you give me enough, I dun sell him yam to poison him, then you come and 'tief him 'teamboat. Black man and white man they all dun die too much."

"A most ingenious savage," said

Fleming aside. "You can't beat this brand of native for cold-blooded deviltry. It's one of the French treaty hunters or sounding parties; they've been taking an unholy interest of late in this river." Then with a brief "Get out, you sable scoundrel," he seized the negro by the shoulders and flung him halfway down the veranda stairway, pitching his insignia of office after him, with the answer, "Tell Shulane if he hurts one of those sick men I'll turn out my Krooboy with matchets and come up and burn his place, and he should know by this time I am generally as good as my word."

Next he flung himself down in the canvas chair, stretched out one hand towards the tray, and drew it back with a laugh, saying:

"I forgot. Of course, from one point of view, they deserve to come to grief, but you can't let white men die off unhelped, if it's only for the credit of one's color. Besides I'm sick of this killing monotony. Suppose you go down and muster the Krooboy."

Presently a swarm of dusky laborers, brawny, good-humored pagans from the distant beaches of Liberia, gathered shouting and laughing in the dew-wet compound, and Fleming, leaning over the veranda balustrade, made a speech to them, pointed with the whimsical sayings which appeal to the negro mind.

Next he called up the big headman and gave him a rifle, with its striker removed as a measure of precaution, because the West African loves firearms rather well than wisely, and left him with a picked few in charge of the factory, though he carefully hid the keys of the store shed. Then four big canoes were thrust off from the miry bank, and, at a short word of command, the long paddles whirled together. Muddy foam flew up behind them, the "thud-thud" grew sharper, and a wildly musical, chanty

ringing far across the misty forest kept time to each sturdy stroke.

"I suppose I'm a fool," said Fleming, "and am probably bringing the river pirates down upon our heads. Still, you see, one must do something. Hyah, you Krooboy, every boy in them canoe which first catch them 'teamboat get two piece of cloth. Now, Benson, I think you'll see a circus."

He did, for the splash and swirl of water grew yet faster as the canoes swept forward, gurgling through the shadows, until in a shallow reach, where the channel narrowed in and none would give place, they drove crashing into each other. Then the sable paddlers smote their neighbors with blade and shaft, clawed each other's woolly hair, screamed and yelled and laughed, while Fleming lay back shaking with merriment, until somehow they drew clear again, and shot out into a broader river. It was the second evening when, spread out in a straggling line, they came sliding down a lake-like reach. The weary men swung slowly with the glistening blades, and the two Europeans ached all over from crouching many hours on end in the stern. Ahead, the fever-mist rolled slowly across the waters, and a blue-gray dimness, which seemed charged with heat, hung above, while tall palms ashore rose up like an island out of drifting vapor. The river shimmering oilly was lost in the haze ahead; no sound but the beat of paddles broke the curious stillness, and it seemed to Benson they might have been translated into some forgotten region of fairyland.

Then a howl rose up from the bows of the leading canoe, and, dimly seen through the vapor, a black patch loomed out. The Krooboy forgot their weariness, only remembering the promised pieces of cloth, and, with a deep-throated roar of challenge to each other, the canoes surged forward. Higher and higher rose the black hulk of the

stranded gunboat, and Fleming, watching her intently, said:

"What are they doing forward?"

By George, that looks very like a pivot-gun," and with a wrench of his shoulders he swung the canoe off at a tangent with the steering paddle. It was well he did so, for a long red flash blazed over the steamer's side, a cloud of yellow smoke blotted out half her length, and a whirling something hurled up a fountain of water where they had been.

Then Fleming rose in the sternsheets, shouting, "Confound you, you lunatics, are you trying to kill your friends?" and a hoarse European voice made some unintelligible answer from the stranded vessel. There was a rattle of matchets in the leading canoe, for the Krooboy generally carries with him the stout blade which is equally useful for domestic service and as a weapon of offence, and the paddles splashed furiously.

"Go on like mad," he shouted to his own crew. "Benson, we must head them. Those are Cavally fighting men, and they would rather enjoy storming the gunboat." Then shouting mingled warnings and offers of goodwill he stood upright, waving his sun helmet, encouraging the paddlers into a fierce race. With a grinding shock the canoes blundered alongside, wild black men climbing like monkeys fell over the rail, and then halted in wonder as a haggard white skeleton who, grimed by powder-fouling, stood sponge in hand beside the gun, flung himself dramatically into their master's arms, who seemed embarrassed by the process.

"Ces diables d'indigènes—how you say? furious savages—have threaten us," he said. "Soit b  ni! how you come in time!" and starving black wretches in uniform clustered round the big, naked Krooboy, who grinned sympathetically as, following their mas-

ter's example, they made friends with them. Then Fleming was led into the little chart-room, where another skeleton in white uniform lay huddled in a chair, and looked at him with glazed and sunken eyes, as he feebly muttered something which ended with "*mes pauvres enfants.*"

"He thinks all times of the men we lose," the other explained, "and he not comprehend much because of the fever, while of the cabin store he give to the sick Senegali, and so he has nothing to eat."

"Yes, I know," said Fleming. "I have been nearly starved myself. Here, Benson, see to bringing the food in, and start Bad Dollar cooking a banquet. Now, Lieutenant, I am going to help you heave this vessel off; and I propose to start as soon as you have eaten a decent meal." So presently, when a simple feast was spread out in the oven-like saloon, Commander Girardi, who was induced to eat a little, seemed to gather his wandering senses, with draughts of lukewarm wine which Fleming had brought with him from his private stock. Afterwards, when the latter, growing impatient, raised his glass aloft, saying, "To the honor of France," he lifted himself feebly. The lined face twitched as he answered, "I thank you for giving life back to my men, and the nation you have served will never forget." Then the goblet fell with a splinter of broken glass, and the stricken officer sank forward, choking.

"Benson," said Fleming, "the poor man is played out. You and Bad Dollar do your best for him, and afterwards you follow me on deck. "We're ready to begin now, Lieutenant." All night the Krooboy worked like fiends in the red light of the smoky lamps, for the Moslem storekeeper had served out to them sundry bottles of forbidden liquor, and some of the Senegalis tried to assist, flinging coal up from the bunk-



ers and into the canoes which carried it ashore. All night the thud of paddles echoed across the river, while the clatter of shovels and wild bursts of negro melody rose from the stranded ship. Blackened all over, dripping with sweat, Fleming encouraged the rest, working himself harder than any of them, and when morning came, under Marsaut's directions, with toil incredible, they carried two anchors out and dropped them into the bed of the river. Then, while the canoes carried everything movable ashore, he descended into the engine-room, and the clang and clink of hammers rose up through the skylights. Under the burning heat of noon and the midnight damp they labored on, while the dawn found Fleming stripped to the waist, sweat and coal dust streaming from him, as he toiled before the roaring furnaces. Now, nearly every Niger trader, whose highway is always a river, is at home among the engines of a small steamer; so, when the pressure gauges climbed towards the danger limit, panting and breathless he ascended to the deck.

Marsaut stood beside the little windlass forward, and a line of brawny Krooboys gripped the tackles which led to the cable of the second anchor, while, in reply to a questioning look, Fleming said:

"She'll blow up unless you start in the next five minutes. So you have got to heave her off before the boiler comes up through the deck; it's death or glory now. One piece of cloth each Krooboy if you pull harder than them winch."

Marsaut raised one hand and opened the valve, and with a rush of steam the windlass began to clank, hammered viciously and brought up again, while Fleming dropped back suddenly into the engine-room. With a wheeze of the big cylinders the propeller began to throb, and, after sundry tins of kerosene had been flung into the fur-

naces, a sheet of yellow flame rushed from the funnel, while a jet of steam roared aloft from the escape pipe. Then, as grimier than ever the big man appeared again, the whole vessel shook and trembled to the thudding engine's stroke, and great sheets of mud and water were hurled up astern, while the smell that ascended with them was indescribable. An African river bottom is not a nice thing to stir up unadvisedly. Then Fleming howled to the Krooboys, and the Krooboys howled to him as they bent their backs to the rope, and the cable of the second anchor came in a little, for that mass of well-trained muscle was stronger than the leaking windlass.

"Fetch her home! Sing, oh, confound you, sing!" he cried, and with a shout down the gratings, "More steam, Benson, she's moving," he laid his hands on the rope. The stout hemp creaked and strained, drawing out to half its size, the tackle blocks were screaming, and link by link the cable came in, while above the groan of the windlass the roaring chorus of a Krooboy chanty rang far out across forest and river. Then the iron hull shivered, stirring in its sandy bed, the grind of the screw grew faster still, and there was more flame licking about the funnel. A bumping, scraping, sucking sound rose up from somewhere below, and a line of yelling Krooboys sat down with a bang, while all else was drowned in the mad rattle of the windlass as the little steamer slid off the shoal.

"Stop her before she runs over her anchors," Fleming shouted as, after crawling out from under a mass of greasy, black humanity, he scrambled towards the gratings, and the beat of the propeller slackened as she forged ahead into deeper water. Then a wild roar of triumph went up from every throat. Moslem Senegall and pagan Krooboy, friends for once, clawed each other, and Fleming, saying nothing

*"O Ye of Little Faith."*

because he could not find words appropriate, stood with his hand laid on Marsaut's shoulder, while the Commander, who had somehow dragged himself there, held on by the rails of the bridge above.

Early next morning, when the coal and sundries had been brought on board again, the four white men stood side by side at the steamer's gangway, the Commander leaning on Marsaut's arm as he said, "The nations is not good friendly in this part of Africa, but what you have done in saving the poor Senegall, soldier of France he is, she will not forget."

"Yes," said Fleming, who was rash

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

in speech, "and I'm very glad. It gave me something to do. If the nation tries to monopolize too much of this river, we'll probably meet you another way; but when we find you in a tight place—pestilence, poison or savages—we'll do our very best for you—quite unofficially and beside the question, you know. Your papers sometimes are not civil, but we're white men all of us."

Then there was a grasp of hands all round, and Fleming hurriedly withdrew—for he feared an embrace—the canoe paddles splashed, and the little gunboat steamed away down river, while the traders and their Krooboy turned back towards the lonely factory.

*Harold Bindloss.*

*"O YE OF LITTLE FAITH."*

A Sower sowed his seed, with doubts and fears;  
 "I dare not hope," he said, "for fruitful ears:  
 Poor hath the Harvest been in other years."  
 Yet ere the August moon had waxen old  
 Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold:  
 He reaped a thousand-fold!

In a dark place one dropt a kindly word;  
 "So weak my voice," he sighed, "perchance none heard,  
 Or if they did, no answering impulse stirred."  
 Yet in an hour his fortunes were at stake:  
 One put a life in peril for his sake,  
 Because that word he spake!

"Little I have to give, O Lord," one cried,  
 "A wayward heart that oft hath Thee denied;  
 Couldst Thou with such a gift be satisfied?"  
 Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint,  
 God took the love that seemed so poor and faint,  
 And from it made a Saint!

*The Sunday Magazine.*

*Christian Burke.*

## TINKERING THE BIBLE.

There has been a notion abroad in recent years that the language of the Bible, as we have it in the Authorized Version of 1611, needs to be modernized in order that it may make a lively appeal to modern minds. But the efforts made in this direction have not been very hopeful. Even the Revised Version was, for most people, a gigantic bubble, which burst as soon as born; and the small private attempts which have been made since, have burst as quietly in its wake. The latest product of this well-meaning crusade is Dr. Henry Hayman's work, entitled "The Epistles of the New Testament: an Attempt to Present Them in Current and Popular Idiom." (A. & C. Black.) We propose to examine Dr. Hayman's aim and execution with some care, for we believe that such enterprises as his are at least useful in demonstrating the impregnability of a work of literary art like the Authorized Version; and that they exhibit certain fallacies which it is well to dissipate. Dr. Hayman's professed aim in re-wording the Epistles has been "to present them in current and popular idiom." That he presents them in no such garb is the first conviction that is forced upon the reader. Dr. Hayman employs neither the words nor the constructions of everyday life. The mere retention of "thou" and "thee," of "art" and "hast," of "couldst" and "wouldest," is a clear breach of the design, these words forming no part of current and popular idioms. It is quite a common thing for Dr. Hayman to replace clear English by difficult English, and a familiar construction by a rare one. Thus Paul's simple sentence, "For he that is dead is freed from sin," becomes, in Dr. Hayman's version, "For the dead to sin is en-

franchised from its power"—a change surely, in the very opposite direction to that proposed in the author's plan. Again, the words in Romans x, 21: "All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people," become: "All day long I stretch forth my hands towards a people refractory and recusant." Here, again, the change seems to be precisely antagonistic to the aim announced. Two adjectives are latinized, and the idiom which, in the Authorized Version, places them before the noun they qualify, is exchanged for an idiom, certainly less current and certainly less popular, which places them after that noun. Concerning the purely literary effect of the changes we need say nothing. An astonishing example of Dr. Hayman's work is afforded by a comparison of the two versions of a passage in the Epistle to the Philippians, which every one knows by heart:

## AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

## DR. HAYMAN.

Finally, brethren, let every principle of truth, reverence, rectitude, purity; all that is endearing, all that is auspicious; whatever there be that is excellent and praiseworthy dwell in your thoughts.

Here Dr. Hayman substitutes long words for short, and a faulty construction for a good; and he simply underpins and brings down the rhetorical scheme of the passage which he pro-

fesses to improve. For that Dr. Hayman hopes to improve every sentence he alters seems clear. Otherwise he would not expressly declare in his Preface that some phrases in the Authorized Version cannot be improved upon, and will, therefore, be retained unaltered in his own version. However, this admission prepares the reader to witness Dr. Hayman's courage rather than his discretion, for there are few passages on which he does not exercise his skill. Even Paul's entreaty to the believers at Corinth, "Greet one another with an holy kiss," becomes, "Exchange a kiss of sanctity with one another," leaving us astonished by the moderation which did not impel him to write: "Exchange osculations of sanctity with one another." Dr. Hayman's handling of the Authorized Version is seen at its boldest when he alters the words "encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses" into "encircled with so vast a cloud of attesting spectators." "Encompassed" is not necessarily "encircled," and "witnesses" means (precisely) "attesting spectators," with the obvious advantage that it is a comely English word instead of two words of Latin complexion and little charm. The sacrifice of charm is the unvarying feature of modernized versions of the Bible. Take this example:

#### AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind;  
charity envieth not; charity vaunteth  
not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly,  
seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked,  
thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth  
in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things,  
hopeth all things, endureth all things.

#### DR. HAYMAN.

Charity is long suffering, is kindly, is  
void of envy, is no braggart, is not in-

flated, preserves decorum, avoids self-seeking, is not irritable, imputes not the evil done, has no joy at evil doing, but rejoices on the side of the truth; puts up with all things, gives credit for all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Sometimes the flight is nearly from the sublime to the ridiculous. Thus:

#### AUTHORIZED VERSION.

so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

#### DR. HAYMAN.

I accordingly so run as if I meant to win; and so plant my hits not as idly sparring; but I hit home at my own fleshly frame, and tame it into suberviency; for fear I, who proclaim the contest to others, should come to be rejected myself.

These examples of an effort to modernize the Bible language are so surprising, that it may be well to seek further light on Dr. Hayman's actual intentions. The most significant sentence in his Preface is this: "I have striven to answer to myself the question, How would these fathers of our faith have expressed themselves, if the vernacular English of our own day had been their medium of expression?" This calls for thought. The vernacular should mean the whole vernacular, or it is nothing. To credit Paul, Peter and James, in imagination, with a knowledge of only those English words of today which approximately reproduce the meanings of their own words, will be to beg the question. It would be to raise the question of correct translation, whereas the question raised by Dr. Hayman is clearly that of expression in its largest sense. If we really

are to inquire how Paul would have expressed himself in the English vernacular of to-day, we must begin by imagining that he possessed as full a knowledge of that vernacular as ourselves—his readers. We must also—it is inevitable—impute to him a knowledge not only of all our words, but of all they stand for; in a word, we must credit him with the same heritage of knowledge as we ourselves enjoy, including (oh, confusion!) our knowledge of himself derived from the Authorized Version. We might then—*pace* all absurdities—receive Paul's Epistles from his hand in the English vernacular of to-day, and hear him draw his illustrations from such vernacular *facts* as the rotundity of the earth, wireless telegraphy, forbidden incense and the proselytizing zeal of Mr. Mallock. And a daring writer might conceivably endeavor to personate this modern St. Paul, and re-think and re-write his Epistles for men and women of to-day. This would be, at any rate, a logical attempt to show—what Dr. Hayman proposes to show, but does not—how Paul of Tarsus would have expressed himself “if the vernacular English of to-day had been his medium of expression.” But the result would not be the Bible. The Bible was written in certain periods and in certain languages, and all that can be done is to translate a given portion from the language in which it was first written into the language in which it is proposed to be read, taking verbal equivalents as we find them, and submitting to the disadvantages arising from differences in the knowledge, tastes and ideals of the two periods. The Authorized Version was a supremely good example of translation, because it not only did this task work, but took on a rare beauty and energy of its own. Moreover, it carried out Dr. Hayman's own plan; it presented the Bible in “current and popular idioms.” That the need for

such presentation was infinitely greater in 1611 than it is in 1900 does not need to be demonstrated to any one acquainted, however slightly, with the development of the English language. Since 1611 the language has grown enormously, but has altered little; and it is certain that Shakespeare, in the Elysian Libraries, reads “The Ring and the Book” with far greater ease than he reads “The Romaunt of the Rose.” But granting that the Authorized Version presents the Bible in an English form which has been devitalized by the changes that have come over the language in the interval of nearly three centuries, and that these changes justify an attempt to present the Bible in the “current and popular idioms” of to-day, still the mere substitution of new idioms for old is a very small part of the matter. Language is inseparable from thought, and the thought of the few is warmed and colored by the thoughts of the many, and things possible in one age are impossible in another. In 1611 English faith was at its strongest. The language had passed triumphantly out of its old inflectional stages, and had fulfilled itself in Shakespeare's Plays. It had reached, as far as we know, its utmost serviceableness to literature, and literature had reached its utmost power to employ the language. The beauty of words was felt, and verbal melody was a habit rather than a secret. As the child of his age, Shakespeare wrote his plays. As children of their age, the translators of the Bible produced the Authorized Version. They had the perceptions and immunities which belong to a great literary epoch. We cannot wholly account for their success; the wind bloweth where it listeth. But it is as unwise to tamper with a Bible which our age could not have produced as it is to meddle with cathedrals which our age could not have built. The value of a Version is



not so much a question of idioms as of idiosyncrasy, and we must not change the one until we can match the other. In a new fervor of the race we may build a new York Minster or a new Bible; but—the wind bloweth where it listeth. This lesson is sufficiently enforced by Dr. Hayman's book, in which, side by side, we may read:

*The Academy.*

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

For partial now is our field of knowledge, and partial our scope of inspiration. But when our full development shall be reached, all that is partial shall be superseded then.

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### WAGGON HILL.

(Ladysmith, January 6th, 1900.)

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,  
Treading his dear "Revenge's" deck,  
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him growling,  
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.  
"Fetter and Faith for England's neck,  
Faggot and Father, Saint and chain,—  
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombrey lying,  
Knowing the night that toward him crept,  
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying  
This for a sign before he slept:—  
"Pride of the West! What Devon hath kept  
Devon shall keep on tide or main;  
Call to the storm and drive them flying,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Valor of England gaunt and whitening,  
Far in a South land brought to bay,  
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,  
Waited the end in twilight gray.  
Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way!  
Drake from his long rest turned again,  
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

*The Spectator.*

*Henry Newbolt.*

# The Living Age.—Supplement.

JULY 7, 1900.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### QUITS.\*

"You have come here to-day on purpose to tell me this?" said Selma.

"I thought you would be interested to hear that my cousins had recognized me at last. I remember, you thought it strange that they should take so little notice of me." Flossy's festive manner had disappeared before the tart reception of her confidences, and her keen wits, baffled in their search for flattery, recalled the suspicions which were only slumbering. She realized that Selma was seriously offended with her, and though she did not choose to acknowledge to herself that she knew the cause, she had already guessed it. An encounter at repartee had no terrors for her, if necessary, and the occasion seemed to her opportune for probing the accumulating mysteries of Selma's hostile demeanor. Yet, without waiting for a response to her last remark, she changed the subject and said, volubly, "I hear your husband has refused to build the new Parsons house because Mrs. Parsons insisted on drawing the plans."

Selma's pale, tense face flushed. She thought for a moment that she was being taunted.

"That was Mr. Littleton's decision, not mine."

"I admire his independence. He was quite right. What do Mrs. Parsons or

her daughter know about architecture? Every body is laughing at them. You know I consider your husband a friend of mine, Selma."

"And we are friends, too, I believe?" Selma exclaimed, after a moment of stern silence.

"Naturally," responded Flossy, with a slightly sardonic air, prompted by the acerbity with which the question was put.

"Then, if we were friends—are friends—why have you ceased to associate with us, simply because you live in another street and a finer house?"

Flossy gave a gasp.

"Oh," she said to herself, "it's true. She is jealous. Why didn't I appreciate it before?"

"Am I not associating with you now by calling on you, Selma?" she said aloud. "I don't understand what you mean."

"You are calling on me, and you asked us to dinner to meet—to meet just the people we knew already, and didn't care to meet; but you have never asked me to meet your new friends, and you left us out when you gave your dancing party."

"You do not dance."

"How do you know?"

"I have never associated you with dancing. I assumed that you did not dance."

"What grounds had you for such an assumption?"

\*Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

"Really, Selma, your catechism is most extraordinary. Excuse my smiling. And I don't know how to answer your questions—your fierce questions—any better. I didn't ask you to my party because I supposed you and your husband were not interested in that sort of thing, and would not know any of the people. You have often told me that you thought they were frivolous."

"I consider them so still."

"Then why do you complain?"

"Because—because you have not acted like a friend. Your idea of a friendship has been to pour into my ears, day after day, how you had been asked to dinner by this person and taken up by that person, until I was weary of the very sound of your voice, but it seems not to have occurred to you, as a friend of mine, and a friend and admirer of my husband, to introduce us to people whom you were eager to know, and who might have helped him in his profession. And now, after turning the cold shoulder on us, and omitting us from your party, because you assumed I didn't dance, you have come here this morning, in the name of friendship, to tell me that your cousins, at last, have invited you to dinner. And yet you think it strange that I'm not interested. That's the only reason you came—to let me know that you are a somebody now; and you expected me, as a friend and a nobody, to tell you how glad I am."

Flossy's eyes opened wide. Free as she was accustomed to be in her own utterances, this flow of bitter speech delivered with seer-like intensity, was a new experience to her. She did not know whether to be angry or amused by the indictment, which caused her to wince, notwithstanding that she deemed it slander. Moreover the insinuation that she had been a bore was humiliating.

"I shall not weary you soon again with my confidences," she answered.

"So it appears that you were envious of me all the time—that while you were preaching to me that fashionable society was hollow and un-American, you were secretly unhappy because you couldn't do what I was doing—because you weren't invited, too. Oh, I see it all now; it's clear as daylight. I've suspected the truth for some time, but I've refused to credit it. Now everything is explained. I took you at your word; I believed in you and your husband and looked up to you as literary people—people who were interested in fine and ennobling things. I admired you for the very reason that I thought you didn't care, and that you didn't need to care, about society and fashionable position. I kept saying to you that I envied you your tastes, and let you say that I considered myself your real inferior in my determination to attract attention and oblige society to notice us. I was guileless, and simpleton enough to tell you of my progress—things I would have blushed to tell another woman like myself—because I considered you the embodiment of high aims and spiritual ideas, as far superior to mine as the poetic star is superior to the garish electric light. I thought it might amuse you to listen to my vanities. Instead, it seems you were masquerading and were eating your heart out with envy of me—poor me. You were ambitious to be like me."

"I wouldn't be like you for anything in the world."

"You couldn't if you tried. That's one of the things which this extraordinary interview has made plain beyond the shadow of a doubt. You are aching to be a social success. You are not fit to be. I have found that out for certain to-day."

"It is false," exclaimed Selma, with tragic intonation. "You do not understand. I have no wish to be a social success. I should abhor to spend my

life after the manner of you and your associates. What I object to, what I complain of, is, that in spite of your fine words and pretended admiration of me, you have preferred these people who are exclusive without a shadow of right, to me who was your friend, and that you have chosen to ignore me for the sake of them, and behaved as if you thought I was not their equal or your equal. That is not friendship, it is snobbishness—un-American snobbishness."

She rose, and stood confronting her visitor as though to banish her from the house.

"I'm going," said Flossy. "It's none of my concern, of course, and I'm aware that I appear very rude. I'm anxious though, not to lose faith in your husband, and now that I've begun to understand you my wits are being flooded with light. I was saying that you were not fit to be a social success, and I'm going to tell you why. No one else is likely to, and I'm just mischievous and frank enough. You're one of those American women—I've always been curious to meet one in all her glory—who believe that they are born in the complete panoply of flawless womanhood; that they are by birthright consummate housewives, leaders of the world's thought and ethics, and peerless society queens. All this by instinct, by heritage and without education. That's what you believe, isn't it? And now you are offended because you haven't been invited to become a leader of New York society. You don't understand, and I don't suppose you ever will understand, that a true lady—a

genuine society queen—represents modesty and sweetness and self-control, and gentle thoughts and feelings; that she is evolved by gradual processes from generation to generation, not ready made. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. I'm quite aware that if I were the genuine article I shouldn't be talking to you in this fashion. But there's hope for me because I'm conscious of my shortcomings and am trying to correct them; whereas you are satisfied, and fail to see the difference between yourself and the well-bred women whom you envy and sneer at. You're pretty and smart and superficial, and—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning. I don't believe you will ever learn. There! Now I'm going!"

"Go!" cried Selma, with a wave of her arm. "Yes, I am one of those women. I am proud to be, and you have insulted by your aspersions, not only me, but the spirit of independent and aspiring American womanhood. You don't understand us; you have nothing in common with us. You think to keep us down by your barriers of caste borrowed from effete European courts, but we—I—the American people, defy you. The time will come when we shall rise in our might and teach you your place. Go! Envy you? I would not become one of your frivolous and purposeless set if you were all on your bended knees before me."

"Oh, yes you would," exclaimed Flossy, glancing back over her shoulder. "And it's because you've not been given the chance that we have quarrelled now."

## IN THE COLUMBARIUM.\*

In the brickwork there was a rent of no great magnitude, concealed by the branches, yet allowing a narrow glimpse into the interior of the ruin. I could look, without being detected, at the curious sight within.

I called the place a ruin. But though its walls had lost many yards, here and there, of brick or travertine, it still kept its lofty roof; there was a staircase inside all but perfect, nearly opposite us, and a stout column in the centre supported the square edifice. More than half of it was sunk in the ground beneath the accumulated débris of centuries. But as I viewed it, with the moonlight making checkers on the floor, and the grayish-white walls exhibiting tier upon tier of loculi or pigeon-holes, many of which held dusty patena somewhat resembling fruit-plates, I could have fancied myself in a museum. Such, in truth, it was; but a museum of the dead, where literal ashes, taken from the funeral pyre, had been stowed away in classic urns, with epitaphs, often consisting of the name only, and now for the most part effaced, to indicate the noble Roman family, whose slaves or freedmen these tenants of the shelves had been. It was an immense columbarium or dovecote, one of several which stood in close neighborhood among the vines and fig-trees skirting the road to the Porta San Sebastiano.

All that I took in at a glance, the moon serving yet to enlighten this underground hall of burial. But into one corner I could peer more distinctly, for a rude lamp was burning there, of the kind which abounds at Pompell, and in the circle of its illumination stood a

couple of men, cloaked and hatted, so bent upon their own doings that they never once looked up from the loculus or sideboard, on which one was laying out papers, and the other counting them carefully. My guide's hold became a grip. He, too, could see and be astonished.

The cloaked person smoothing out, with visible reluctance, his small thin papers on the funeral slab, I had never beheld. The other, as I expected, was Tiberio. They spoke hardly at all; the operation went forward as by clock-work, save only that the wheels of the clock seemed rusty, and gave an occasional creak or jerk, while the papers mounted into heaps. I had plenty of leisure to scan the countenances, and form my judgment of the character of Sforza's vis-à-vis. There was little fear that we outside should be detected. Certain friendly owls occupied the topmost ledges of the columbarium, and now, troubled by the moon or the lamp, feeble as they were becoming, they flew wildly about, making a welcome diversion. Carluccio, emboldened, put a hand before his mouth and whispered in my ear, "Santa Flora!"

I made the motion with my lips which would have articulated "Brig-and?" The answer was plain in his eyes.

Santa Flora did not correspond to his sanctified name. If a flower at all, he was a flower of evil, wickedness stamping itself legibly on every one of his petals, as the hyacinth bore a lament for beauty on its tender leaves. Thin, wiry and willowy, the apparition would have served well instead of the painted snake which Romans set up to warn intruders away from tombs and sacred enclosures. His long, lean jaws had a venomous snap in them; his distorted

\*Arden Mansitur. By William Barry. Copyright, 1900, by The Century Co.



nose and a squinting eye gave one the impression of some unsightly fowl that had met with an accident; his forehead, of which he had a good deal, went up to a narrow crown, resembling a sugar-loaf; and on neck and shoulders fell ringletted black hair, which finished off the illusion of a human serpent. Over against him Tiberio was fascinating, in spite of his fixed pallor. This malignant weed struck one as unclean—a toadstool, or other slimy fungus, that dare not be touched, impregnable in its pollution. The thing did not speak much, but occasionally it winced or frowned, as smitten with sudden anguish. Still it laid out of long fingers the pile of notes; evidently money was changing hands. And still Tiberio counted, cool and imperturbable.

A scene like that which we were contemplating, if it excites the nerves, has also in it a power to stir the imagination; the spectator may be conscious of a vision within, while losing not a movement of the actors before his eyes. To me, standing silent there, came the vivid reflection of a world all dust and shadow—*pulvis et umbra sumus*—fallen so low from its golden glories. Rome Imperial, that built magnificently, even for its dead slaves; built on the royal Appian Way, nor spared its marble entablatures, its delicate paintings, remnants of which I could trace under the setting moon, its yearly returning festivals and libations, with flowers laid on tombs, and all the graceful homage which was paid to phantoms, feared, yet still beloved—was it come to this?

Here, in the place of the Manes, inviolate and holy, did wretches steeped in murder balance their accounts, exchanging blood-money, and only the owl shrieked, no shape arose from the under-world to scourge them hence with scorpions, or terrify them with apparitions into madness. An impotent dead, forgotten universe, over the de-

caying heaps of which this putrescence crawled and multiplied!

My vision did not hinder me from remarking that the action of the scene had paused abruptly. Santa Flora counted no more notes on the slab; Tiberio pointed down as if requiring a larger tribute. Their voices rose; they were in hot dispute over the business. But they spat out at one another a jargon, brief and horrible, which to me was an unknown tongue. The human serpent hissed; the tiger answered with formidable movements, and a low and thunderous roar. From thieves' slang they broke into sentences of demand and refusal.

"Why no more to you?" whistled Santa Flora, in a cracked tenor. "I pay down forty thousand lire out of the sixty we got, and your palm itches. Ma barone"—which is, being interpreted, "Look here, my lord!"—"you will leave the boys without a balocco. It cannot be, I tell you." His hand clutched the remaining notes.

"Five thousand more, Santa Flora," said Tiberio, not heeding the argument, "then I will take myself off. The boys are doing well. They know it is for the cause they are laying up this money. What do I spend on my own amusement? Why, not enough to buy sweet parsley."

"Managgia!" whined the human serpent, "Devil be good to me! A wise man does not flay his own skin. Leave the bees a little honey. What would you have got by the fat old borgese, had our picciotti, our bravoni, not thrown a rope round his horns?"

"Eh, blood of San Pantaleone!" answered Tiberio, with his gay and facetious accent, "and when would the picciotti have caught him, if some one else had not watched where he was feeding? Quick, the five thousand! Remember, it is the cause."

"Oh, the cause, the cause, Liverno mio! What care I for la politica? I

love the good old trade. Did Gasperone meddle with State affairs? Yet, who like Gasperone? Send us plenty on the roads that we can skin, and let politics go to the great devil!"

"The five thousand!" repeated Tiberio. "See, the moon is down; why do we stand prating? Eh, mio cuore, know you not the house dog must be fed? Feed me—if not—"

This sudden aposlopesis, or rhetorical pause, seemed to have in it the weight of a cavalry charge. Santa Flora groaned like a man whose throat is getting cut; and the reckoning began again. Carluccio, motionless and attentive hitherto, signed that we must creep further away, which we did with infinite precautions. There was a choking sense of malaria in my mouth, a nausea that I could hardly keep down. Our clothes were wet with the night dews, our limbs benumbed and heavy. The sky was opening out in small gleams of dawn, spectral above this melancholy region, where masses of irregular and fantastic outline began to appear more solidly through the accursed air. We crouched and waited. In half an hour we saw, leaping out of the ruined columbarium, on the side nearest us, Santa Flora, alone. He

seemed to carry no weapon, but as he strode within a yard of our hiding-place I could see a brace of pistols showing their noses from under his dark-blue vest. He kept a sharp lookout in front, and soon vanished in the direction of Cecilia Metalla's round tomb.

"Where does he prowl mostly?" I inquired of Carluccio. To which the lad answered, "Anywhere between Rome and the Montagna del Mattese"—above Cassino—"but when there is nothing doing, the lads stanno a casa; they wait till they get a signal from the capobanda. It is not as in the old days, when once a brigand, always a brigand. Then they lived in the open and enjoyed themselves. Now they must expect the manutengolo to send them business."

"And Tiberio—Liverno, as you call him—is the manutengolo?"

"But surely! who else? Without him Santa Flora could do no stroke. He says true. Have you seen how we catch birds with a looking-glass and a net in the fields? Liverno is the man that holds glass and net. So he takes the fat breasts of the birds, and we eat their thin legs. Ma pazienza! Will he always have the breasts?"

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## THE LIE.\*

One day, about three weeks after the announcement of the strike in Mr. Watson's shops, Jeanie Casey came to Agnes, and said:

"I have been grieving to tell you, and the sinful pride would not let me speak. But now I will. But you mustn't be thinking how that I wouldn't do the same to-morrow if it was to do—for I would.

There is no repentance in me. But I must be telling somebody. I must."

Agnes put her into an easy chair and took away her hat and jacket and kissed her. Jeanie had grown thin; the large simplicity of her gaze was gone; she looked at Agnes straight and square, but with sternness, and there was a curious rigidity about her mouth.

"She is like the pictures of the old covenanters," thought Agnes, "and perhaps I am to blame." Aloud, she

\*The Burden of Christopher. By Florence Converse. Copyright, 1900, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

said: "I've tried to see you, Jeanie, ever since the strike began, but you were always in town, or away somewhere getting money; and this week we thought Christopher was going to have the measles, but he didn't."

"I left little Jean with him in the garden," said Jeanie; and then she folded her hands and sat still in the great chair, and lost herself in her thoughts.

"Tell me how you ever persuaded them to organize," said Agnes, after a few seconds of silence. "It seemed such an impossible task."

"For a long time I'd no hope," Jeanie replied. "They were but staring loons in the beginning; but there were some with husbands, and these got into the way of talking with them, and of a sudden, whether I would have it or no, the thing spread; and after a bit it rolled up like a snowball, verra fast—too fast. And out of my hand it was; and I, there, feeling it to slip and could not stop it. Here in Kenyon a woman will have a bit time of her own for the thinking—but there!—And if there's no thinking there'll be no doing;—or there'll be just blind, crazy doing."

"How do you mean?" said Agnes, uneasily; "don't you approve of this strike?"

"Ay!—of this strike; but that's a verra different matter."

"I don't understand."

"There was a cut-down; and the stitchers were fierce to go out for a rise. The terrible thing it is, Mrs. Kenyon, to feel the people slip out from the power of you, and take their own way. To hold your hand out in a torrent and think to hold the water back, and feel it over-slip the grasp of you, and never stop for you, nor take notice of you that your hand is there. That is it! But the Lord had an eye to His poor. He turned the torrent another way. And to me He showed a mercy that I am not deserving; for it is a verra

sinful woman that I am—verra sinful."

She fell into a reverie again, and said nothing for a long while. At last Agnes touched her hand.

"You said you were going to tell me, Jeanie."

"Yes!—I must be telling somebody."

The voices of the children came up from the garden. There was shouting, and then:—

"Stop, Chrissie!—you hurt! Stop!"

Agnes went to the window and threw it open. Her son was hauling an unwilling little maiden across the untrodden snow.

"Chris!—Chris!—What are you doing? Don't be rude! Remember she is a little girl."

"We're playing strike, mother, and she's a scab, and I'm just giving it to her. Come away, you mean, old traitor you, I'll teach you to take the bread out of my children's mouths!"

"Don't you think you would better play something that isn't quite so rough?" suggested Agnes.

"I don't want to be a 'cab all the time," protested little Jeanie; "it's your turn now."

"I'm not going to be a scab ever, even playing," Christopher cried; and Agnes closed the window and left them to settle the matter as best they could.

Jeanie did not seem to have heard the controversy, but when their hostess came and sat down beside her, she gathered her thoughts together with an evident effort, and began:—

"It's neither here nor there with this strike, what I'm telling you now; it can mak' no difference one way or another to that. It's just for my own self, and that I'm sore wanting a friend."

Agnes felt a sense of relief, for which she reproached herself. She had been dreading some revelation which should prejudice the public against the strikers.

"Tell me, dear!" she whispered, stroking Jeanie's hand.

"There was a day, some while back,—and the forewoman that had left the shop cam' in again to work. The week before that there was the cut-down. The woman was a meddling body, but she meant it for her duty. She was a cruel woman, but God-fearing. Far be it fra' such a weak vessel as I to detract fra' her. They lie in that shop, Mrs. Kenyon, and they tak' what does not belong to them, and they're aye at strife one with another. A heart-breaking place it is. The forewoman took notice of me that day for my good, quick work, and so she saw the other women, how they cam' talking to me, for they were angry with the cut-down—and she did but rub them on the raw places, so they were mad against her, and crazy for the strike. There was not a woman cam' by my chair but did not stop to complain, railing against Annie Curry, the forewoman, and demanding the strike. Then Annie Curry cam' beside me and said, 'Where is it that I've seen you?' and I said, 'I don't know;'—it was true—I didn't know. Then she said to me, 'Have you ever worked in the Kenyon shops?' and I said, 'No, I never have.'"

"Jeanie!"

The Scotchwoman lifted her head and looked sternly for a while at her friend.

"For four months I had worked among these women, Mrs. Kenyon, early and late, to lead them out of the land of Egypt, to learn them the only way to stand out for their bit bread,—when the master cuts and cuts and cuts into the wages. And they were beginning to understand. If I'd left them then,—all that I'd been at would have gone for naught. They'd have rioted a bit, and been brought low, and crowded under to worse blackness and worse hunger. They weren't fit to stand alone,—and do you think I'd

leave them then, just to the saving of my one soul? I'm thinking any way the Lord wouldn't have great need of a soul that could desert his poor, down-trodden ones in their straits. I'm thinking the Lord will not be hard on me for that lie, Mrs. Kenyon."

Agnes realized what a pale, untried morality was hers, in her sheltered life. To remonstrate with this burdened sister seemed impertinence.

"But if the people who are trying to help this strike should find that the strikers were—did—that sometimes they said what wasn't quite straight," she faltered, "I am afraid they might lose sympathy."

"And how many times, tell me, Mrs. Kenyon, has that old man lied to his workers, or made his superintendent lie to them, or made Annie Curry lie to them? Ah, if the people beint brought up on lies by the ones that pretend to be standing for a model to them, do you think they wouldn't be ashamed to lie? But it's give a lie and tak' a lie, till the truth's overlaid so deep, there's no man can come at it even with a pickaxe."

"I know, it is our fault," said Agnes, sadly.

"But don't go to fash yourself about this lie, now, Mrs. Kenyon. It has not a thing to do with the strike. The Lord turned the torrent. These women with their overweening recklessness made Annie Curry suspicious of trade union talk; and you'll be knowing as how that Mr. Watson boasts him that he always had a free shop. And he put up the notices,—and we all cam' out. The women are doing bravely. They'll stick to it better than the men, now they have come to it."

"You think, then, that a lie is justifiable, sometimes?" questioned Agnes. She was troubled.

"I don't know that. But this I know, that the Lord will be waiting to the Judgment Day to say to me, 'Jeanie,'

will He say, 'Jeanie, I thank you verra kindly for that lie.'"

Agnes gasped.

Her friend's eyes blazed.

"If that woman had cam' to you," she cried, "and asked of you in my place the question,—and all those poor things with but you to look to, and only half way to knowing how to get out from their slavery, would you have said yes, and let them turn you out? Could you?"

"No," said Agnes, slowly. "No,—I—oh, I know I should have told the lie. But it's wrong. We don't know the ways of God, Jeanie; they are not our ways. He could bring success, you know, even if we could not see how it was to come."

"But if it's a mistake I've made, oh, Mrs. Kenyon! The Lord could have

showed me another way, if it had been His will so to do. And if it was all to be done over again, I'd be saying the same words. There's no helping it."

"I know—I understand," Agnes whispered soothingly.

"I couldn't tell Jimmie, Mrs. Kenyon. And the nights I lie awake with thinking on it, till my thoughts go a-ring-around dizzy. And it's sickened I am to the sight of food. I had to come to speak with you, to share it. But don't be troubled for the strike—this strike—there is nothing the lie would have to do with that."

"I hope not," Agnes said. But she thought of her father, with his passion for accuracy, for moral purity, his instinctive distrust of the workingman, and her heart sank.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Twelve-and-sixpence a page was all that Thackeray received for his contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*.

A correspondent of *The Academy* puts memoirs in three categories: Biographies: Autobiographies: Ought-not-to-be-ographies.

There is said to be no certainty that the Tennyson manuscripts recently discovered at Sheffield will be published. The early drafts of "The Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott," which are among them, show many variations from the published text.

The Century Company is introducing to American readers a son of Dr. George MacDonald, whose novels were once so popular, before the "kailyard" school of Scotch novelists arose.

Young Mr. MacDonald's first book is an adventure story of the days of James II, and is called "The Sword of the King."

The industrious press agents who are in the habit of heralding the works of that modest author, Miss Marie Corelli, by a great variety of seductive personal paragraphs, are doing their work with more than usual energy just now, possibly because Miss Corelli has two books in preparation. It is almost impossible to take up an English literary journal which does not contain one or more paragraphs relating to Miss Corelli.

A love of gems for their own sake—not as mere ornaments—is the dominant passion of Lady Caryll Knox, the London beauty who figures as the



heroine of Robert Hichens' latest romance, "The Slave." The mysterious influence exercised over her by an emerald of fabulous value is described with a variety of incident and a brilliancy of style which leave it to each reader to determine whether the book is a sensational novel or a psychological study. The sympathetic delineation of life among the young acrobats of the London stage forms a striking contrast to the rest of the story, and is perhaps its most notable feature. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

The volume by Mr. Macpherson, originally announced as "Herbert Spencer's Life and Works," has been changed to "Spencer and Spencerism." This was at Mr. Spencer's wish, as he was apprehensive that the book would be regarded as a biography. The book, however, has Mr. Spencer's sanction.

According to the London Publishers' Circular, nothing has recently been more remarkable than the public neglect of war-books. The production has far outrun the demand. At the beginning of the war extravagant calculations were made. This volume of reprinted letters was said to be worth so many thousands sterling, and others so many thousands more, but in most cases the profits are not to be reckoned even in hundreds sterling. Scores of bright young correspondents, who have counted on a revenue from this source, are doomed to disappointment, as publishers are receiving with coldness their propositions.

The anxiety felt by grown-up sons and daughters for the seemly walk and conversation of their parents is entertainingly set forth in Katharine Tynan Hinkson's "Oh, What a Plague is Love," which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. The story is saved from being pure farce by unexpected touches of

sympathy in the character drawing, and the elderly gentleman who is the cause of solicitude in his matrimonial quests proves himself after all to be not only more courtly and winning, but more deeply kind and simple-hearted than his guardian children. There are several pretty love stories in the book, and it is full of brightness and fun.

The three young Hungarian noblemen who are the heroes of Maurus Jokai's "The Baron's Sons," are men of strikingly unlike temperaments, and their experiences at the time of the revolution of 1848 are followed with interest. But it is the mother of these sons, the dauntless woman who dares to brave her husband's dying wishes, and who bends all her noble energy toward making her boys the diametrical opposites of what their "stony-hearted" father planned, who is the most absorbingly interesting person in the book. The story is crowded with incident and adventure, is vigorous in style, and gives an exciting account of life at St. Petersburg and Vienna. L. C. Page & Co.

An intensely exciting novel, based upon a Mexican uprising of fifty years ago, is "A Dream of a Throne," by Charles Fleming Embree, which Little, Brown & Co. publish. The leader of the rising is the last representative of a royal house, and a young American soldier in the employ of the Mexican government is the man who hunts him down. Excellent foils as these two men are for each other, quite as striking a pair are the two girls, Pepa and Clarita, who give unlike allegiance to the two men. It is the equally ardent loyalty or treachery of one of these heroines which harrowingly complicates an already dramatic plot. The descriptions of a manner of life wholly foreign to us, the realness of the minor characters, a vigorous picturesqueness,

and, withal, a fine portrayal of two contrasting race types, make the book a notable one.

To make a bridge between the philosophies of Carlyle and Tolstoi is the aim of Mrs. May Alden Ward's "*Prophets of the Nineteenth Century.*" It contains sympathetic and discerning sketches of three lives, Carlyle's, Ruskin's and Tolstoi's, and the significance of their message, the influence of one man upon another being interestingly set forth. Crisp and compact, with a pleasant narrative style and in a convenient pocket size, the timely little volume will find acceptance. Little, Brown & Co.

A book to be devoured by the average girl is "*Memory Street,*" by Martha Baker Dunn, which L. C. Page & Co. publish. The heroine, who tells the tale herself, first appears as an entertaining and weirdly intelligent child, with the determination to avoid the evils of matrimony, but her progress is marked by acquaintance with a number of young men who in fiction or out of it would be considered decidedly pleasant fellows, and her original intentions undergo a change. An old mansion house, one hero who vibrates between England and America, picnics and parties, a delightful fairy godmother and a whole company of well-bred people, make the book a pleasant one; but there is also an earnest note under all the sprightliness which gives it additional worth.

A narrative that was new and exciting three-quarters of a century ago, and will be almost as new and decidedly as fascinating to its present-day readers, is the "*Historical Memoirs of Alexander I and the Court of Russia,*" by the Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier. It is fact rendered more entertaining than fiction. The Comtesse, who was an intimate friend of the Emperor, and

whose book is the source from which many historians have drawn their personal sketches, wrote with a vivid admiration for the man whom she makes a hero, and with a charm that it is impossible to escape. Many people of note, Russian, Polish or French, figure in these captivating pages, which are interesting in their unconscious revelation of the writer herself as in their deliberate and sometimes even amusing hero-worship. The translation, by Mary Berenice Patterson, is excellent. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The following graphic description of Tolstoi's literary habits is given by the German journal, *Die Woche*:—

Tolstoi takes the utmost pains with his work. His manuscripts are written five or six times, and sometimes he writes single chapters ten times over before he is satisfied with them. His corrections are a torture for compositors, since he fills page after page with new words and sentences, and also makes numerous erasures and other alterations. The last proof shows as much evidence of careful study as the first one, and it is not too much to say that every line which he writes is rather wrung from him than voluntarily given to the printer. Countess Sophie is the most severe critic of his works, and her judgment has much weight with him. He has thrown aside a completed romance because she did not like it, and nothing will induce him to publish it. He also likes to read his new works, before they are published, to a few intimate friends, and the suggestions which he receives on such occasions cause him to make several alterations. Thus, in the hope of obtaining some useful suggestions, he read "*The Power of Darkness*" to a group of peasants, but he was most painfully surprised to discover that the most startling scenes in the book, scenes which he himself could not read without tears, only evoked loud laughter from them.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Back to Christ. By Walter Spence. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Baden-Powell, The Story of. By Harold Begbie. Grant Richards.
- Baron's Sons, The. By Maurus Jokai. L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Birds, Among the, in Northern Shires. By Charles Dixon. Blackie & Sons.
- Black Homer of Jimtown, The. By Ed. Mott. Grosset & Dunlap. Price, \$1.25.
- Black Terror, The. By John K. Leys. L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Bride Roses. By W. D. Howells. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$0.50.
- British People, The Origin and Character of the. By Nottidge Charles Macnamara. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Chevalier of the Splendid Crest, The. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Blackwood & Sons.
- Colombian and Venezuelan Republics, The. By William L. Scruggs. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$2.50.
- Crown of Christ, The. By R. E. Hutton. Vol. II, Easter to Advent. Rivingtons.
- David and His Friends. By Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Decatur, Stephen. The Beacon Biographies. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Diary of a Dreamer, The. By Alice Dew Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Dread and Fear of Kings, The. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Dream of a Throne, A. By Charles Fleming Embree. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Drift Verses. By Horatio F. Brown. Grant Richards.
- England and America after Independence. By Edward Smith. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Emperor Alexander I, and the Court of Russia, Historical Memoirs of. By Mme. la Comtesse de Choiseul-Geuffier. Translated by Mary Berenice Patterson. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Fast and Loose. By Major Arthur Griffiths. John Macqueen.
- Georgie. By S. E. Kiser. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Gifts of Enemies, The. By G. E. Mitton. A. & C. Black.
- Ladysmith, The Siege of. By R. J. McHugh. Chapman & Hall.
- Little Lady Mary. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Smith, Elder & Co.
- McLoughlin and Old Oregon. By Eva Emery Dye. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Memory Street. By Martha Baker Dunn. L. C. Page & Co.
- Mystery of Muncraig, The. By Robert James Muir. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Oh, What a Plague is Love. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Prophets of the Nineteenth Century. Carlyle, Ruskin, Tolstol. By May Alden Ward. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Room Forty-five. By W. D. Howells. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$0.50.
- Ruskin, John. By Mrs. Meynell. Blackwood Sons.
- Scenery, The Scientific Study of. By John E. Marr. Methuen & Co.
- To the Healing of the Sea. By Francis H. Hardy. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Wadham College, Oxford, Sketches of. By Edwin Glasgow. Methuen & Co.
- War, Side-lights on the. By Lady Sykes. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Wedge of War, The. By Frances S. Hallowes. Elliot Stock.